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WITH CARTOON.

## INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

LIKE the sweetest of sweet cradle-hymns, your dreamy music fills me,  
And passes off in blessing me, because I feel so sad ;

And then, from murmuring distances, it comes again and thrills me,  
With all the witching undertone, and strength of grace it had.



When from his heart he spake the words that now drop from your fingers,

He knew your heart would understand, and speak his words again;

And, while you breathe his symphonies, his spirit comes and lingers,  
And blesses you, and strengthens you, and charms away your pain.

The far-off purple hills of morn come crowding to our vision,  
As the weird spell of your melody casts wondrous tender gleams;  
And glimpses of the dreamy past reveal a dream elysian,  
For the beautiful, the beautiful lives ever in our dreams!

To-morrow morn this heart may speak, and hunger on forever,  
Forever in these Tantalus-days that never pass away!  
But to-night the ground is holy ground, and I, unworthy ever,  
Sit behind you in your shadow, and humbly wish to pray.

So near to me, so dear to me, yet I can never own you,  
If I put aside this chrysalis and take the wings divine;  
For another and a braver heart has come between and won you,  
So I'll pass from out your presence now, and never make a sign.

But I sit within your shadow still, and linger here the longer,  
And hope your eyes may never see my hidden heart of pain;  
For your music, in its undertone, has made me feel the stronger,  
To love you for your worth alone, and know I love in vain.

M. M.

## A DUET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

"ANCORA," said the celebrated Italian singing-master, Giuliano, now a resident of Hanover, to a dark-eyed pupil as she finished singing Porpora's Aria:

"Fra gli amoroſi laſci."

"Teresa, mia figlia, you cannot sing a recitative, though you are already considered one of the best singers in the land. You trill so beautifully that every one is lost in admiration, your *floritures* and runs are not bad, but you do not yet succeed in giving a correct, pure recitative, and I cannot consent to your going to Dresden until you have attained this. I am aware that the majority of those who will listen to you will not criticise you severely, for your beautiful voice and eyes will atone for many things; but all true lovers of music will consider it a great defect, and I cannot rest until I have freed you from every possibility of censure."

"If you could only sing it for me, maestro," replied the singer, scornfully, "I should easily acquire it, but you only croak like a raven, and Teresa Poggi never yet learned any thing by talking and scolding. The reproofs of my old professor, your uncle, drove me away from him, and, if you become cross to me, I will leave you also."

"I know some one who can sing it for you, if hearing is all you want," replied Giuliano; "I have a pupil now here, who could eclipse you and all the singers in the world, if she chose."

"What do you say? a prima donna—here, in this German city?"

"Si—si, carissima mia, a young prima donna—"

"Is she already engaged? Is she going to Italy?"

"Not yet! she is more likely perhaps to go to Berlin," said Giuliano, smiling.

"Why have you not then made an appointment for her to come here, that I may have an opportunity of hearing her?"

"To come—here! That would be impossible, for I always go to her."

"Then she must indeed be a princess," said Teresa, deridingly. "I think henceforth you had better come to me, instead of making me go all the way through the garden."

"Agreed—whenever you learn to sing as well as she does, I will do your bidding also."

"Is she German?"

"Yes."

"*Santa Madre!* Can I learn any thing from a fair, cold German girl? What can she teach me?"

"How to charm men, young and old, and especially an old bear like your maestro."

Teresa Poggi was silent for a moment. She turned sullenly to the window, and looked out toward the garden, which lay bathed in the soft twilight of a summer evening, while the music-master laid his hand upon the keys, and played again the accompaniment to Porpora's Aria.

He made, indeed, a fascinating picture. The reflection of the setting sun illumined his earnest brow, around which clustered his beautiful brown hair. Giuliano was an old man, but in his eyes shone the fire of youth, and the peculiar smile upon his lips was as fresh as a summer morning. In his youth he had basked in the sunlight of a Galuppi and Giovanni, Mancini and Jomelli, and upon his ear had fallen the wondrous tones of Faustina Hasse. It was now several weeks since the beautiful Teresa Poggi had first knocked at his door. She had come to him all the way from Venice, bringing with her the warmest recommendations of her friend the *impresario di San Samuele*. The young singer was already so celebrated as to be called even in Italy *La diva*, and a brilliant engagement had been offered to her in Dresden, which she was on her way to accept, when she suddenly decided to take up her abode for a short time in Hanover.

The proud bearing of the young girl interested Giuliano, whose kindly manner and great talent for teaching fascinated Teresa in her turn. She had only intended to remain a few weeks—she had already stayed months, and Dresden watched in vain for the coming of the Italian nightingale.

The haughty prima donna *di San Samuele*, the renowned beauty, became a diligent scholar, and bore with wonderful patience her master's chidings. Giuliano was at times almost startled at Teresa's voice. Never had he heard from a woman, notes so powerfully sustained, nor of such metallic clearness. The girl could scarcely estimate the value of the treasure she possessed.

She loved music as she loved the murmur of the Grand Canal, and the cooing of the doves on the Piazza di San Marco—as the sunshine and the blue sky. She sang because the golden tones charmed even herself as they gushed forth at will, and because all others were fascinated also. Swarms of gondolas followed her own, as she directed her course toward Murano, or glided sometimes far out into the sea, alluring them like a siren, her notes swelling fuller and fuller as she sang unweariedly.

Teresa would have fallen a victim in this German city to the most unconquerable homesickness, had Giuliano not been at her side. Strangely enough, he seemed to make her forget all else. The young singer lived only a short distance from her teacher, in the house of an excellent old lady, who felt all the tenderness of a mother for the young girl. Giuliano passed his leisure hours with her, walking frequently in the garden adjoining the house in which she lived. There they spoke of their incomparable birthplace, *Venezia la bella*. The blooming garden lay secluded and warm in the sunlight, the flies hovered everywhere, and the bees hummed as they sipped the honey from the fragrant flowers, and still the maiden talked on, as they wandered up and down, of the "Rose of the Adriatic."

The sound of his dear native tongue fell pleasantly upon the listener's ear, and often a deep longing for home arose in his heart. Venice was brought so vividly before him, with her domes and palaces, over which the moon threw her soft shadowy light. Upon the Piazza di San Marco wandered a strange group—men long since passed away—Tiziano and Giorgione, Paolo Veronese, the noble brothers Alessandro and Benedetto Marcello, the wondrously beautiful Faustina, the melancholy Adolf Hasse, the learned Abbate Rossi, the fair artist Rosalba Carriera, and her genial companion and friend Canaletto, and hosts of others, a varied group indeed. Upon the Grand Canal glided innumerable gondolas here and there, before many a balcony resounded the guitar, lights stealthily glimmered behind silken curtains, and charming women nodded smilingly over the railings. How tenderly the moonlight kissed their beautiful brows, and softened their languishing eyes! Secret tokens were wafted here and there, and velvet masks trembled in snow-white hands. It was indeed an intoxicating odor which arose from those wonderful Adriatic flowers of beauty, life, and love.

So dreamed Giuliano as he listened to Teresa's recital.

Day by day he devoted himself assiduously to the instruction of the young singer. He was secretly charmed with her progress, but, at the same time, unrelentingly severe; and what he had said in regard to the recitative, was the sincere conviction of his heart. Notwithstanding the wonderful talent of his new pupil, the solution of that artistic problem seemed continually to baffle her efforts, and she sang it with a passionate accentuation and haste which drew upon her many earnest reproofs from her teacher. She received his remarks in the strangest manner; sometimes very modestly taking the greatest pains to sing as he desired, trying the same bar over and over again, without the slightest manifestation of impatience; while, at another time, she would burst into a violent flood of tears, throw the notes on the floor, stamp upon them with her little feet, and declare herself ready to start, that very instant, for Dresden. After such a scene, Giuliano would jestingly bid her farewell, call her a little *rabbiata*, and close the piano.

She would then leave the room, sobbing passionately, only to return in an hour to begin again at the very place where she left off.

But, after his last remark, she stood with her lips pressed together and her hands tightly clasped; then, throwing her head back, she slowly approached her teacher, and said, quietly: "Pray, take me to see this wonderful pupil of yours."

"Is your anger at an end, *Rabbiata*?" said he, with his most fascinating smile. "If so, throw your mantle over your shoulders and come with me before you have time to repent your decision. It is not far from here, and the way leads through yonder garden."

She wrapped herself quickly in her black-silk Venetian mantle, and they walked silently on till they reached a handsome house, the entrance to which was covered with ivy.

The servant who opened the door greeted Giuliano in a friendly, familiar manner, and then turned to announce him.

They were shown at once into a simply-furnished room, where a pleasant-looking old lady was seated at a table, surrounded by three young girls, who rose quickly to welcome their visitor. A few words were exchanged in German, and Giuliano then presented Teresa. One of the sisters approached her with the most bewitching friendliness, and, blushing, said a few words to her in broken Italian, requesting her to be seated.

Teresa complied, indeed; but her brow darkened, and a beam of jealousy flashed from her eyes. Was this the despised, cold, German girl? What a gracious expression! What eyes! What a wealth of golden hair! What a graceful bearing! A pang, such as she had never felt until now, darted through the heart of the fair Venetian. She glanced anxiously at her rival, and the color mounted to her cheek as she saw her in friendly conversation with Giuliano. She could not hear what they were saying, but she had never seen him look so proud and happy as at this moment. A veil fell from her eyes; she started at the revelation of her own heart. Was it possible that she, the renowned singer, even now on her way to new glory and honor, was in love with that grave old man, a mere music-teacher, Benedetto Giuliano?

With this discovery, which made her pulse beat wildly, came the longing to vanquish her rival; for never had she felt herself so secure in the possession of her treasure as now. When, therefore, Giuliano approached her and requested a song, she rose proudly, and replied: "I will sing the aria from 'Cajo Mario,' 'Sposo, io vado a morir.'"

He looked at her with surprise. Why did she choose that, the most difficult of all? At her first note, she turned pale and her powerful voice trembled; but she recovered herself gradually, and the room now seemed too small, the space too limited, for those clear, ringing tones. Giuliano gazed in astonishment at his pupil. Never had she sung so well; but the effect of this wonderful voice was exciting rather than entrancing—the fulness of the supply surprised one, but the impression produced was more of astonishment than pleasure.

"You will certainly be much admired," said Giuliano, as she concluded, "but you must first learn from my fair *prima donna* here how to touch the heart before you will be called a great singer. Listen, now."

After exchanging a few words with her, Giuliano led the beautiful girl to the piano. She sang, first, the celebrated recitative from "Iphigenia in Tauris," where she relates her fearful dream:

"Ich erblickt' in der Nacht den Palast meiner Väter."

What expression! What a voice! It fell upon the ear like the

plaintive notes of a nightingale and her appearance harmonized as truly with it as the perfume of the rose with the rose itself. Those lips, displaying, as they parted, her beautiful white teeth; those eyes, deep and blue as a mountain-stream—all were in keeping. And as Teresa heard and saw all this, passionate tears fell from her eyes. She now knew how a recitative should be sung, but, with that knowledge, came the dreadful conviction that she could never so sing it.

The fair girl now sang Iphigenia's beautiful prayer, but Teresa heeded not. The folding-doors of the veranda opened wide into the garden, and unperceived she stepped out into the darkness, from whence she could see the brilliantly-lighted room. What a picture of happiness and joy it seemed! Teresa suddenly felt herself so lonely and desolate; for how could Giuliano help loving that beautiful young creature? How admiringly he looked at her as she stood by his side at the piano, and how modestly and smilingly she returned his glance! Mother and sisters appeared to sanction their tender affection, surrounding them at the piano, and applauding them warmly—the fair young faces, side by side, looking like a bouquet of exquisite roses.

Who this wonderful pupil was, Teresa cared not to know. She would not even ask the name of her fortunate rival; only she could not stay. She would go at once to Dresden. Were there not, indeed, men there twice as young and handsome as this stern and cruel Benedetto Giuliano?

Suddenly the voice of the beloved one pronounced her name. She saw his magnetic eyes turned toward her, and, yielding that wonderful power which from the first he had exercised over her, she obeyed him, and mechanically approached the piano.

"Teresa," said he, gently and tenderly, "come here and sing the second part in the comic duet from 'Clary'—"

'Do-re-mi-fa-so-la  
Che bella cosa che la musica!'

It was just as if a rough hand had struck her. She awoke from her sorrowful reverie; the whole pride of her nature was aroused as she thought that so impossible a request could come from him. Sternly and coldly she turned to him as she said, "Teresa Poggi sings no second part, and least of all, here!"

Giuliano started back with affright. "Are you mad?" he whispered. "Must I tell you in whose house you are?"

"I care not where I am," she replied, with trembling lips. "No power on earth could make me sing second to *her*, were she a queen! All is now over. Fare-thee-well!"

Then, almost beside herself with jealousy and anger, she seized his face with both hands, and passionately kissing his beautiful brow, vanished before they had time to recover from their astonishment.

That same evening, a slip of paper was left at the house of the Italian singing-master. Opening it, he read these words:

"Farewell, beloved and honored master! When you receive this, I shall be on my way to Dresden. Forgive my strange behavior. When I have learned to be less envious; when you have married your favorite pupil, and Teresa Poggi has become a great singer, then will I sing with her the second part in the duet from 'Clary'—never before."  
TERESA.

A few weeks later, this answer was on its way to Dresden:

"RABBIATA MIA: You are and ever will be a child. A king would scarcely esteem himself worthy of my fair pupil. She is the Princess Charlotte von Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, with her beautiful sisters and grandmother, is passing a few weeks quietly in Hanover. They will shortly return to Berlin. Do you now know how foolish you have been? As a punishment, I shall not go to Dresden until you yourself write to me, 'Teresa Poggi has become a great singer.'"

"GIULIANO."

Many years afterward, the Duchess Charlotte related the story of this duet at her tea-table.

A small, select circle had assembled in the little music-room of the Castle of Hildburghausen around this intellectual, fascinating woman. Interesting and celebrated guests were there. Duke Frederick had taken his violin from its case, and was carefully tuning it by the piano; Hermsdädt, the distinguished clarionet-player and musical director, was standing at his side. At the tea-table sat the old duke, comfortably leaning back in his large arm-chair—"Our George," as his grateful subjects called him—while his aged duchess was conversa-



ing earnestly with one of the most honored guests, the poet, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, whose wonderful eyes often wandered to the beautiful woman sitting opposite to him, the Duchess Charlotte, the Princess von Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

All contemporaries unite in celebrating the irresistible grace and wonderful charm of this high-born woman. She was worshipped by her subjects, whose good genius she was, and admired and loved by all whom she honored with her society. Endowed with the most brilliant mental powers, and with a face of rare beauty, she rendered herself remarkable in every relation of life, interesting herself in all good and noble works. Her sweet voice, her passionate love for music, and her great devotion to its study, had aroused a taste in Hildburghausen for this charming science. An altar was raised to St. Cecilia, and the duchess enacted the part of priestess. She founded a chapel, drew skilled musicians to Hildburghausen, established a singing society, and sang herself in church for the benefit of the poor and for the edification and consolation of all who listened. Her beautiful head reminded one constantly of Carlo Dolci's various portraits of St. Cecilia—the same clear profile and noble brow were there, and the same faultless hands. Nothing could have been more inspiring than the expression of her noble countenance as she sang, to an organ accompaniment, some of Bach's sacred airs. They seemed the utterance of her own heartfelt joy and faith, and all who listened went home comforted.

To-day, she had made preparations for a truly enjoyable musical festival. One guest had already arrived, who was to leave town early the next morning, Joseph Benda, brother of the celebrated violinist and musical director of Berlin. He was accompanying the renowned singer Caraccia from Berlin, where she had been singing, to Italy.

The distinguished prima donna had remained at her hotel to rest, offering weariness as her excuse for not accepting the invitation of the duchess to be present at her musical entertainment.

"She sings like a goddess," declared Benda, "but she is as wilful as an evil spirit."

Charlotte soon forgot her disappointment at the non-appearance of the stranger, so much had she to ask and to hear about Berlin, of her beloved sister, the happy young Queen of Prussia, of her old friend Fasch, and of the musical life of that great city. Music was a theme to her so precious and inexhaustible, that Hermatädt looked at them every few minutes, as if he thought the conversation would never come to an end. He had always accompanied the duchess when she sang, but now he felt obliged to yield to another, rejoicing secretly in his heart, however, that the next morning would find him fully reinstated again.

Finally, the conversation became general, as they spoke of the celebrated singer, and Benda related many piquant anecdotes of her varied life.

"She has often been deeply in love, it is said, most of all with her old teacher, and least of all with her husband," said he, laughing. "Indeed, the report is, that she only married Caraccia in a fit of desperation on learning the death of her old master."

"I should have enjoyed hearing her sing so much," said Charlotte, thoughtfully.

"But we would a thousand times rather listen to our gracious duchess," exclaimed Jean Paul. "All the singers in the world are only twittering little birds compared to our royal nightingale."

The beautiful woman smiled.

"The nightingale would willingly sing again the duet which the handsome and haughty Teresa Poggi once refused to join her in. Since that time, I have never been able to sing it, nor to hear it sung."

And she hummed lightly to herself, as she turned over the leaves of her music-book:

"Do-re-mi-fa-so-la  
Che bella cosa che la musica!"

"Here! I have found it. Good Benda, play it once again for me."

Jean Paul sprang up. "Let me take the second part, my honored lady," he exclaimed. "The duchess can make any thing she pleases of me—even a singer."

The merriest peals of laughter followed his request, and jests flew from one to the other, but Jean Paul was nothing daunted. Leaning over Benda's shoulder to see the notes, and beating time with his finger, he sang the "Do-re-mi" as much out of tune as pos-

sible. Then, as his wondrous blue eyes turned toward the smiling duchess, he said, as a mischievous smile played over his countenance:

"Let us silence, your highness, all these skeptics; sing with me, and make me the happiest of mortals."

Benda struck the first note, and Charlotte's sweet voice took it up, while a raven-like croaking followed her nightingale tones.

In the midst of the duet, the duchess stopped; she was laughing so heartily that she could not sing. "Dear friend," she said, as she held out her delicate white hand to the poet, "you are every thing in the world—but a singer."

As he bent smiling over the beautiful hand, kissing it reverentially, a woman's voice was heard, saying in a marked foreign accent, "May I take the signor's place?"

The strangely imposing figure of a woman was seen standing at the threshold of the door. Behind her stood a servant, pale with fright. "It is the singer," he stammered; "she says she is no longer weary."

What astonishment and consternation were caused at tea-table and piano, by the unexpected guest! "Do you no longer recognize Teresa Poggia?" continued the stranger. "She has come to entreat your forgiveness, and will sing the third, fourth, and even the fifth part, if you desire it. I was wandering under your windows, and recognized your voice. Will you pardon me for the sake of our dear old master?"

The duchess had, at the first glance, recognized the Venetian girl in the renowned Teresina Caraccia. Deeply moved, she took her hand, and led her new guest to the tea-table.

As soon as the excitement, caused by the sudden appearance of the Italian, had subsided a little, the duchess requested her to sing, in remembrance of their former meeting, Jomelli's Aria, "Sposo, io vado a morir!"

And Teresa sang. But how had this wonderful voice changed! Giuliano would have been satisfied with his pupil. She now sang not only with astonishing power, but with the deepest expression. All were in raptures as she concluded, and, as if on the stage, the proud, beautiful creature bowed smilingly on every side. But the old Hermatädt, who stood with wrinkled brow behind the chair of the duchess, stooped over her and whispered: "Will your highness favor us with a German song, after all this Italian jingle? It is very pretty certainly, but we can annihilate it completely with some of our best things. Sing, I pray you, for the sake of an old man, the aria from the 'Tod Jesu.'"

In a few minutes was heard the voice of the Duchess Charlotte, as she sang:

"Singt dem göttlichen Propheten."

her beautiful tones rising with almost seraphic clearness.

Yes—the old clarinet-player was right—Jomelli's sweet aria was forgotten, as the duchess breathed forth—

"Seele, Gott sei dein Gesang."

The applause was a silent one as the noble singer ceased, but a deep peace had fallen upon all. Jean Paul's eyes were beaming with rapture, and tears fell fast over the furrowed cheeks of the old director.

Suddenly, Benda, as if impelled, resumed his seat at the piano, and played the merry duet—

"Do-re-mi-fa-so-la  
Che bella cosa che la musica!"

This time the world-renowned Teresa Carraccia sang with sincere pleasure the second part, and perhaps the duet from "Clary" was never heard to such perfection on earth, as on that evening in the drawing-room of the Duchess Charlotte.

Could Maestro Giuliano only have been there!

## "BOOTS."

FOR the month of July my family were absent, at a distant watering-place, by way of contrast to their ordinary life on our secluded estate. Having lately returned from a pleasure-trip myself, home appeared so attractive, that I decided to remain in close quarters with Solitude. The charms which sages had seen in her face might be discovered in so fit a place—no vista from it opened into any haunt of man; the stage-road, the railroad, the post-office, and



the shire-town, were from one to ten miles away. The neighboring farms and estates were of great extent, and the houses upon them concealed by woods, gradual stretches of slopes, and valleys. Our own two hundred acres were circled by a deep fringe of lofty trees. The country outside was generally as silent as a cemetery; the sounds breaking the stillness were the *crick-crack* of a mowing-machine, a far-off dinner-horn, and the cries of the crows. To see any thing beyond the woods, I must go, like sister Ann, into the tower, from which could be discovered the curling smoke rising from hidden chimneys, specks of cattle grazing invisible grass, and a dim blue ring, at the north, which denoted that somewhere a river rolled and a town stood.

I had been making merry among a fashionable set in the city. Built bouquets, high-flavored dinners, Etruscan jewelry, five-feet high beaux, boned turkey, and an eternal din of music in street, drawing-room, stage, and hall, attuned me to my present situation. Extremes meet. The transition-point is the effective one. I appreciated the present by remembering the past. The great house was empty; nobody in any room to be "introduced." My bruised panniers, peplums, and paletots, were hung on the closet-wall for monuments. For a day or two, what a possession mere time seemed to be! The weather was idyllic; out-of-doors was as secure as in-doors. The mornings were dewy, sweet-scented, wrapped in tender mist, or red with a dry sun, and fixed in shadows. The evenings were calm and clear; bright with a swelling moon, or soft with fleecy clouds and the high-steering stars. If the hours grew long between them, I looked at the backs of the books along their shelves, and studied my rather vacant face in the several mirrors, or knocked the slugs and bugs from the flowers on the lawn and terrace. A regular piece of industry was impossible; there was no nucleus to hitch it to. Hermits never accomplished any thing; neither have those who contemplate Nature habitually.

Thanks be to youth, I slept soundly, and ate well, though Becky, the housekeeper, constantly predicted a failure of appetite, because I was alone, and bad dreams, because I did not go to bed early. Owing to my hermit-like position, I suppose, I began to stare a great deal at the clouds, trees, and grass, and for this purpose occupied the veranda, the terrace-steps, and the benches under the walnut group and the chestnut-group. A pleasant numbness took possession of me. It was all the same whether I was about to melt into a cloud or to become steadfast in a tree, so long as I was somehow ebbing into the great harmony of Nature.

"My goodness," cried Becky, "you are getting the dumps. Moping under the trees so—I wish the folks would come home, or I wish your friend Miss Bell would make the visit she has promised you so long."

"Becky, I am now a dryad; don't disturb me. Pan is not dead."

"Miss Anna, you are crazy. If me and Hannah talked so in the kitchen, what would you say? Pan; well, I must go to my milk-pan."

So long as I heard no clatter, I cared not where she went; but the house was still, no one besides myself went into the rooms which opened on the terrace and lawn. The gardener swept the veranda, watered the flowers, and removed the rubbish, before I was down-stairs in the morning. He, with the farmer, occupied tenements, which were situated at the end of the place, beyond a lane in the woods. Jimmy, the ostler, slept in the stable; consequently the only persons in the house were Becky, Hannah, and myself. By sunset, we three were the only creatures astir; the work-people were away, and Jimmy, having somnolent traits, and being at present left to his own devices, was generally asleep. Hannah's evening amusement was darning stockings in the garret, and Becky's that of dozing on the settee in the best kitchen, till nine o'clock, when she went to bed, stupid as an owl, by candle-light.

In the early twilight of one of those long days, after the funeral of the world apparently, so lifeless was the landscape, I was sitting on the top step of the terrace, with my fan, and very little speculation either in my eyes or mind. Below the terrace were gravel-walks, crossing the upper part of the lawn, and winding round flower-beds and clumps of shrubs. At the angles of the straight paths stood cedar-trees, whose thick, feathery foliage, as everybody knows, grows to within a foot of the ground. The lawn beyond was bordered, on each side, by a hedge-row of wild vines, hawthorn-bushes, low sumacs, and tall walnuts, and its immense space dotted with oaks and cedars. The ground gradually sinking, and my being positioned at the widest part of the lawn, I commanded a view which included any sudden appear-

ance of beast, bird, or man, within the area. I should have said so, at any rate, if I had been asked any question concerning stragglers or ghosts. The clouds were beautiful. I watched the slow passage of their silver masses, stained by the sunset, till cramped in the neck; I dropped my eyes, and idly scanned the deep shades along the gravel-walk to the right, but my vision was violently arrested. Under the boughs of the cedar, at the first turn, not more than forty feet from me, I saw a man's heels and the lower part of his legs. He wore boots, and light-gray trousers; one foot was before the other; he was in the act of stepping away! My heart jumped, and stood still. I helplessly turned my head toward the house; it had a merciless air—all the upper shutters were closed, and all the lower open windows, of course, vacant. When I looked at the cedar again, the man had vanished. An invading army could not have pervaded the place as this invisible man did for the next half hour. I remained on the step, but saw nothing; no bush nor bough moved or rustled; the swallows dipped and rose above the lawn, making ready for dim night, and the bits of brown birds hopped over the walks, as if no alien had appeared among them. Whether the mysterious creature had wormed himself beyond our lines, with his curiosity satisfied, or whether he was lying in wait in the hedge-row, I could not decide; that he was a stranger in the country, I knew—the fashion of his boots and trousers was a city fashion. How could a city burglar know that our house was at present defenceless, or that we did not own a safe for the silver? I pondered on the matter, till it grew quite dark, and my mind got confused like the forms before me. Could my eyes have deceived me? For the past two weeks I had been a mild-eyed lotus-eater. "Falling asleep in a half dream," I had watched the "cloud towers by ghastly masons wrought," and, descending to the earth, had fancied myself an eremite in the desert. Possibly, as was the way with the latter, I had become the victim of an hallucination. Some of the saints had visions of girls dancing in the most charming style of the ballet; and I had had a vision of a handsome pair of boots!

Going into the house I felt "creepy," and was ready to scream, if any thing should touch me. I concluded not to tell Becky; she would howl at all events, and not only insist upon sitting up all night herself, but would keep Hannah and myself awake. I opened the kitchen-door; the room was pitch-dark, but, hearing a faint snore, I called, "Becky!"

"What's wanted?" she answered; "I ain't here."

I asked her where Rover, our watch-dog, was; whether at the stable, with Jimmy, sharing his slumbers, or on the alert outside.

"Oh, it's you, is it? If you will believe me, Rover has not been on the premises for the past three nights. Jimmy says so. He is after game of some sort; he does have such spells. Rover is good for nothing—lazy, worthless rascal."

"What if thieves should visit us, Becky?"

"We only have thieves in water-melon time, or peach-time. The niggers come up from Trey then, and spread themselves. I have always lived in the neighborhood, and I never heard of any thing besides being stolen, unless it was chickens; in the fall of the year it is hard to resist fowl. So you need not be concerned about Rover, nor thieves, and I am going to bed; did you slip the window-bolts?"

With a forced courage I hastened back, and fastened the windows down. I saw Becky and her candle disappear with regret; I would gladly have begged her to pass the night in my room, but I denied myself that pleasure, and retired alone.

Rover's deep bay down in the woods startled me about midnight; he was coursing, for his yelp now sounded near, now far. He was a powerful dog. I had seen him spring upon a strange boy, in our yard, and throw him with ease; but I doubted whether he would attack a man, especially a well-dressed man; he might also be intimidated by a cane, or weapon of any sort, and it was not likely that my friend of the boots was unprepared for defence. If this intruder knew any thing, he must know that all country-seats have watch-dogs, as well as the farms. If he happened, at that moment, to be passing Mr. Welford's, the adjoining property, he would encounter four, so savage, that by day they were chained in their kennels behind the wall. There was a hole in the wall before each kennel, and many a time, when riding by, I had shuddered at the sight of four red-tongued animals tugging at their chains in the vain hope of getting at me.

Rover was now silent, but I could not sleep; *Boots*, if I might so familiarly name that dread segment of a man, had murdered sleep. Not only that, but he had destroyed my loved *Solitude*.

Freedom shrieked when a celebrated Polish hero fell, and, although I did not hear this sister-spirit, I have no doubt but that she, shrieking, fled. Henceforth it would be impossible for me to feel alone, though I might, and must appear so.

My window being open, I heard all the sounds of night: little owls hooted at each other from the cedars, attracted by my dim night-lamp; moths struck their downy bodies against the window-panes; the negro-minstrels of the sod, the multitudinous crickets, sent out their monotonous lay; all the creeping, nocturnal rodents were abroad, snapping, rustling, squeaking creatures of the woods. Among all these peaceful noises I soon heard another, stealthy but distinct; it was a step on the zinc roof of the bay-window on my side of the house. I rose from the bed in terror, with the cry at my lips of, "Becky, pistol; Jimmy, club; Rover—" but the cry would not utter itself; I was dumb. A spot of moonlight glimmered through the inside shutter, like an oblong, Chinese sort of eye, and I gazed at it with the mild imbecility which we feel when screwed up in a dentist's chair, and behold the monster dentist selecting, with infernal deliberation, steel instruments of torture. I expected the entrance of *Boots* by that light of the silver moon. A minute or two glided by, and he did not come; but Rover arrived. With a suppressed groan, he flung himself against the wall with a thud, which must have bruised him; then he skurried round the window with a mad howl, which ended in his being throttled. The dead silence which followed made me impatient, and diminished my terror; I crept to the window and peeped through the blinds. I saw neither man nor dog anywhere; within the reach of vision were the garden, a wide meadow, and an open summer-house; they were quiet and shadowless; the full moon, directly overhead, revealed every object.

"Well," said Becky, at breakfast, "we heard Rover fast enough last night, making up for lost time by pretending to be on the watch; he is lazy enough this morning; I can't coax nor drive him from the porch. Sakes, didn't you hear him?"

I replied that I had either heard him or dreamed so. I went out to see Rover a few minutes afterward and examined him; his collar was off, but there was no wound upon him. He slavered uncommonly, and beat his tail on the stone floor with violence; but he would not follow me. When hungry, he cried and snarled so, that Jimmy had to take food to him. How tedious and perplexing was the day that followed! At intervals, I thought more catastrophe would be preferable; how dull it would be to make a pause, and not shine in a developed drama! Yet this vague, hidden threatening was terrible—especially after sundown. I might, to be sure, set a watch, rouse all the neighbors, and turn things upside down generally; but I was averse to fuss always. Struck by a happy inspiration, I ordered Jimmy to saddle white Surrey, and ride post-haste to Chellon, fifteen miles distant, where my friend Laura Bell lived, with a note, containing an urgent invitation to come to me. He rode away, returning late in the evening, and brought the welcome news that she would be at the station nearest us the next morning. Becky declared herself thankful at the tidings; I was moping, she perceived, and I need not contradict it. I waited till she had gone up-stairs, and then I called Rover; he understood me, and came into the house quietly, swung himself along like a bear, and dropped on the floor by my door, giving a long, low sigh of relief, as if he had found the spot he had been waiting for all day. But no booted ghost troubled us that night.

When Laura arrived, beaming and gleaming, a green-and-gold bird in her hat, and a large black cross on her breast, I thought she looked as a phantom-banisher should, and greeted her warmly.

"I am here with my Saratoga trunk, you see," she said. "I understood, from the urgency of your invitation, that you were bored to death. You are tired of being alone."

"But I am not alone," I answered, cautiously.

"A cat and a parrot, like Robinson Crusoe—have you?"

"Not those; but there may be a man Friday on the premises."

"What ails you, Anna? Something is on your mind."

"No; it is in the woods, or in the air." She made me explain the matter, and refused to believe it; my imagination had misled me, she insisted. What was Becky's opinion?

"Becky knows nothing of the business, Laura."

"You have gone deranged; that's the long and short of it."

I finally brought her round to my way of thinking, in regard to disturbing Becky and Hannah, but could not convince her of the reality of *Boots*. She declared it was a pleasant excitement, and wished

it was a fact. Considering the alarm and anxiety I had experienced, I felt vexed with Laura for laughing at me. I had generally shown the most nerve and self-possession of the two; in fact, she had the character of being flighty, romantic, fitful, easily influenced. Being bright and handsome, these traits did not go for much, however; she was popular in spite of them. We had been intimate all our lives—were forever exchanging visits, going on excursions, during which we disputed and remained devotedly attached. She was rather famous for flirtation, and she believed that she had had one or two heart-rending affairs. I, who was still ignorant of such matters, was sure of my ability to advise and direct her. I did not intend that she should fulfil the prediction of some of her friends, that she would most likely throw herself away on some skilful adventurer. She was, by-the-way, somewhat alone in the world, and possessed a comfortable fortune. I dropped the subject, so interesting to me, and led the conversation into a channel interesting to her—the history of her late past. She had been having a lively time, she said; and, of all the times she had ever, ever had, was the week she had passed at the Garnet House, with her cousin, Mrs. Hall. There she had met with—but no matter about that—and she pursed her mouth up, as it were about to burst with an important secret.

"Flirtation number sixty, Laura?"

"There, miss and friend, I met Fate."

"Light or dark hair?"

"My cousin, attempting your rôle, separated us."

"Who was the other half of us?"

"John Egbert."

"I do not know the name."

"There may be a gentleman, within the limits of the United States, whose pedigree you do not know."

"Who introduced him? Was he alone? What is his profession?"

"He led the German at the hops we had at the Garnet; he keeps a yacht, and his yachting friends were with him."

"I see, a fast man, and a rich one—patent medicine, or machines."

"He is fast; and, of my own accord, I sent him to the right about. He is off with his yacht, taking a little run, as he calls it, and very likely is at the north pole. Wherever he went, he said, he should never give me up. He is my Fate, whether we meet again or not. You need not exercise your wits upon me."

"You shall have a month to forget him in, Laura."

She shook her pretty head, and gave several patronizing sighs.

"Anna, I think I may regain my composure here. How delightful it is! You seem farther from the world than ever. How thick the hedge-row is! and the ivy on the bay-window!—it has grown enormously."

It was at my tongue's end to say, as I glanced at the tough network of the ivy-stalks, "Yes, *Boots* made a ladder of the ivy-bush, when he ascended the roof of the window;" but I did not speak; I would bide my time. The day went by as usual, and we enjoyed it, as Becky said, in "one continual stream of gab." She was good enough to give us tea under the walnuts; the cup which cheers was more cheery in the open air, with our prospect of lawn, grove, and meadow. Hannah had clattered off with the tea things; I was rolling up my fancy-work, for it was now past seven, when I happened to glance toward Laura: her face was crimson, and her dilated eyes were fixed on the southern corner, at the bottom of the lawn, where the Virginia pines were a thick, dark grove, avoided at this season, on account of a prolific poison-vine there. Trying to hide her dismay, she cried:

"Upon my word, Anna, your nonsense is infecting me; a yellow-bird, or white-black bird, has been flying among those pines, and for an instant I fancied somebody was waving a handkerchief at me."

"It was not a bird, but some of the men, of course, digging potatoes, or cutting wheat."

My attempt at irony was received with contempt.

"Let us go back to the veranda," she said; "it grows damp here."

"That was just the effect upon me. I felt a cold perspiration all over me."

"What a dreadful ninny you have grown to be! I am ashamed of you."

In spite of her words, I saw she was frightened, and then my self-

possession returned. I concluded to feel as much at home with phantoms as Leonora did, when she answered the "ting-a-ling" of the door-bell, and rode away with her lover's ghost. I did my best to entertain Laura; my mode, hitherto most successful, was drawing her on to relate her own feelings and affairs. Now, she continually interrupted herself to ask questions. Did Jimmy sleep in the house? Was Rover on the watch as usual? Did pack-peddlers ever come into our road, or were we ever troubled with city tramps? I assured and consoled her, mentioned a fabulous pistol, and a mythical Revolutionary sword which Lord Cornwallis did not present my great-grandfather with. I also invented anecdotes concerning the prowess of Rover—the said cowed animal was at that moment waiting to be invited into the shelter of the house. As for calling help, it was an easy thing to do. We had an immense dinner-horn, like that blown at Jericho when the walls fell down; at the sound of ours, the farmer and his laborers would rush to the rescue. But she knew why I had not made any disturbance.

"I should like to 'take a horn' of that sort, Anna," she said, faintly; "I believe I am horribly nervous. I'll go to bed, dear; leave your door open."

With her calling to me repeatedly whether I heard any noise, and Rover's whimpering dreams at the foot of the stairs, I had a night of it. I was fain to anathematize the stupid absence of my family, and the more stupid idea which had led me to stay at home in solitude. The sunlight brought better things. We had a perfect, enticing day; in the afternoon I drove Laura up the country in an open wagon. I chose sequestered, shady roads, crossed by brooks, and bordered with ferns. Laura was loud in admiration; but, in the particularly dark and dense places, I noticed that she looked sharply to the right and left. I made no comments. At last she burst out with:

"Who is he, and what does he want?"

"You believe in *Boots*, then?"

"I do. A handkerchief was waved at us yesterday in the pines."

"What is to be done?"

"Run away with me to Chellon."

"Desert a post in danger? Nevare! I might send over to Mr. Welford; but, if nothing should turn up afterward, I should not hear the last of it, either from him or our folks. I cannot bear ridicule; I had rather live in a perpetual terror."

"I never heard so strange a thing. He did not kill Rover; he has not entered the house. He is waiting for something. He may be deranged—gone mad for love of you. I know how you treat your admirers, miss. The avenger is on your track."

"He is a foolish, miserable, melodramatic villain. I'll have all the people on the place up and scouring it."

I turned the horse homeward, and drove rapidly, not speaking to Laura on the way; she was too absurd. As we turned into our drive, which was long and curving, Laura gave a little shriek which made me jump.

"Do you see something white fastened to the oak-tree just ahead?" she asked.

"It is a tax-notice."

"No. I'll hold the reins, if you will get it."

"You want to make a cat's-paw of me. I am not afraid."

I sprang from the wagon, tore the paper from the tree-trunk, and jumped back. The paper was a violet-colored letter-envelope; a man's hand was neatly drawn upon it, the thumb and forefinger of which held up a ring. Was Laura's theory the right one, after all? I looked at her in consternation; her countenance was much changed; she was pale, and in her eyes was a queer light; she held the envelope tightly, as if it were a treasure. I was provoked enough to shake her.

"What is the matter, Laura?"

"'Tis a French paper—that—I know it—I—I do. O Anna! Now it is all clear to me. Drive on—Jimmy's at the porch."

She threw herself upon a seat in the porch, and tossed her hat off.

"Tell me this instant, Laura, the cause of your extraordinary behavior."

"*Boots* is Egbert—that's all," she gasped. "He knew that I intended to visit you about this time. He swore he would carry me off, and I said you would hide me. He expects me to evade my cousin, and marry him."

"Did he expect the ceremony to take place on the roof of our bay-window?" I asked, severely.

"What shall I do? I wish you would not scold."

"On the whole, I approve of the match. But you must go to Chellon to-morrow morning. Perhaps Mr. Egbert's yacht is in the woods, somewhere; *he* may take you."

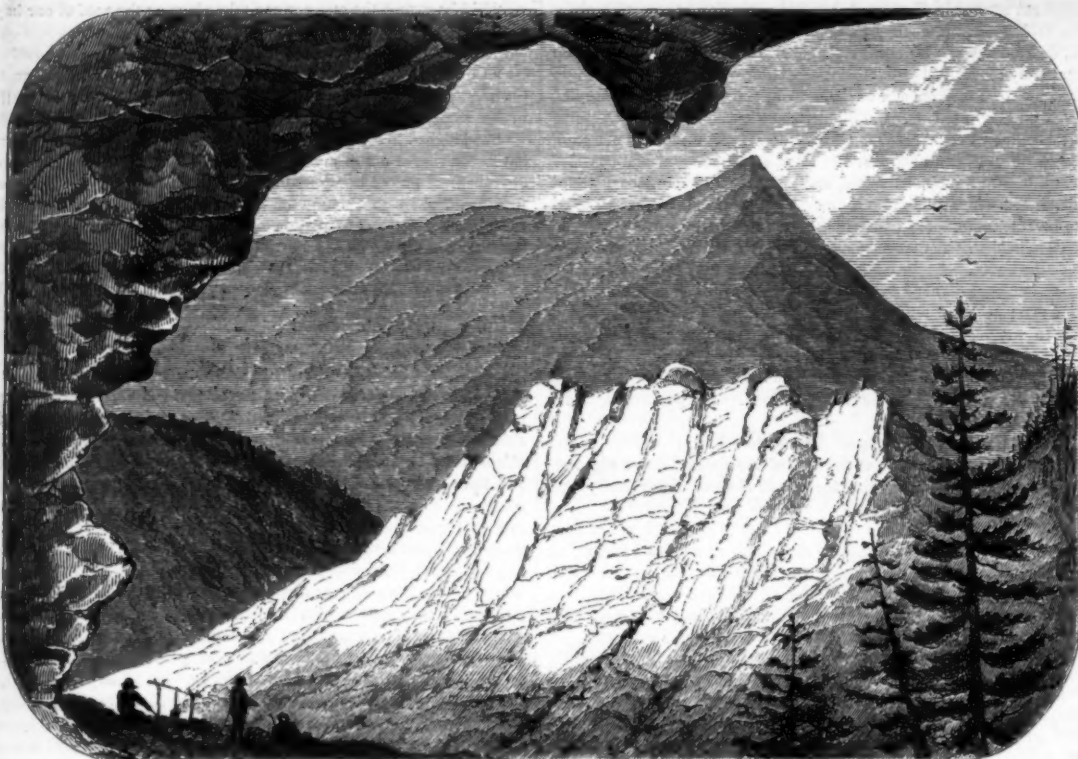
She laughed hysterically. I went up-stairs in a heat. That I should have been scared out of my wits by a foolish lover of Laura Bell's was too much. I stayed in my room all the evening. Afterward, I knew that Mr. Egbert met Laura on the veranda. Within a month, he wrote me a letter of explanation and apology, and returned Rover's collar to me.

## NOVELTIES OF SOUTHERN SCENERY.

### III.

**ALUM CAVE, SMOKY MOUNTAIN.**—The mountain here mentioned is one of the most imposing in the Alleghany range, and its foundations lie both in North Carolina and Tennessee; and its chief attraction is a singular cliff known throughout that region as the *Alum Cave*. In reaching this spot, which is on the Tennessee side, you have to leave your horses near the top of the mountain, and then journey on foot for six miles up and down, far up and far down, over every thing in the way of rocks and ruined vegetation which Nature could devise, until you come to a mountain-side which is only two miles, in a direct line, from your starting-place. Roaring along at the base of this mountain is a small stream, from which you have to climb a precipice in a zigzag way, which is at least two thousand feet high, when you find yourself on a level spot of pulverized stone, with a rocky roof extending over your head a distance of perhaps sixty feet. The length of this hollow in the mountain, or "cave," as it is called, is nearly four hundred feet, and, from the brow of the beetling precipice to the level below, the distance is about one hundred and fifty feet. The top of the cliff is covered with a variety of rare and curious plants, and directly over its centre trickles a little stream, which forms a pool, like a fountain in front of a spacious piazza. The ingredients of the rock composing this cliff are alum, epsom salts, salt-petre, magnesia, and copperas, and the water which oozes therefrom is distinguished for its strong medicinal qualities. This strange and almost inaccessible, but unquestionably very valuable cave, belongs to an organized company, and, before the late war, had been worked with considerable profit, on account of its alum. The scenery upon which this cave looks down is also decidedly novel and interesting. From one point of view the mountains descend abruptly from either side, into a kind of amphitheatre, where the one on the right terminates in a very narrow and ragged ridge, which is without vegetation, while far beyond, directly in front of the cave, rises a lofty and pointed mountain backed by some three or four peaks of inferior magnitude. The ridge alluded to is very high, but yet the cave looks down upon it, and it is so fantastic in its appearance that, from different points of view, may be discovered natural holes, or windows, opening through the entire wall, while from other points of view the great rocky mass resembles a ruined castle, a decayed battlement, or the shattered tower of a huge cathedral. To gaze upon this prospect at the sunset hour, when the mountains are tinged with a rosy hue, and the great hollow, or basin, before you is filled with a purple atmosphere, and the rocky ledge is basking in the sunlight, like a huge monster on the bosom of a placid lake, affords one of the most curious and impressive scenes imaginable. But the locality, under any of its phases, will amply repay the lover of fine scenery for a long pilgrimage. When the writer visited this spot, which was in the month of May, the weather in the valley where he was staying was balmy and summer-like, but after leaving the cave on his return he had to wade through snow several inches deep; and during the entire expedition he saw only one human being, out of his own party, and that man was a bear-hunter, who had a camp about a mile below the Alum Cave. He was a Cherokee Indian, and, on questioning him in regard to what he could tell us about the cave, he replied that it was discovered by one of the chiefs of his tribe, who in his youth happened to track a bear to one of its corners, where he had a den. From the simple-hearted and worthy man who piloted us to the cave we obtained the following account: "I haven't much to say about the cave that I knows of, excepting one or two little circumstances about





Alum Cave, Tennessee.

myself and another man. The first time I come here it was with my brother and two Indians. The sight of this strange gash in the mountain, and the beautiful scenery all around, made me very excited, and I was for climbing on top, and no mistake. The Indians and my brother started with me up the ledge at the north end, but when we got up half-way, just opposite to an eagle's nest, where the creatures were screaming at a fearful rate, they all three of them backed down and said I must not keep on. I told them I was determined to see the top, and I would. I did get on top, and after looking round for a while, and laughing at the fellows below, I began to think of going down again. And then it was that I felt a good deal skeered. I found I could not get down the way I got up, so I turned about for a new place. It was near sundown, and I hadn't yet found a place that suited me, and I was afraid I'd have to sleep out alone and without a fire. And the only way I ever got down was to find a pine-tree that stood pretty close to a low part of the ledge, some three hundred yards from the cave, when I got into its top and came down among my friends, who said it was a wonder I hadn't been killed. Since then I have had to pilot all strangers to the cave, and I remember one circumstance that happened to a Tennessee lawyer which caused us a good deal of fun, for there was a party of young gentlemen there at the time. We had a camp right under the cave, where it's always dry, and about midnight the lawyer I mentioned suddenly jumped up as we were all asleep, and began to yell in the most awful manner, as if something dreadful had happened. He jumped about as if in the greatest agony, and said he knew he would die. He did carry on at an awful rate, and we thought he must have been bitten by a snake, or was crazy, so we tore his clothes off to see what was the matter; and what do you suppose we found? Nothing but a harmless little lizard that had run up the poor man's legs, all the way to his arm-pits, thinking, I suppose, that his clothes was the bark of a dead tree. After the trouble was over, the way we laughed at the lawyer was curious." After descending the mountain, we spent a night with our friend the guide, in his cabin. The trout supper he gave us was enjoyable, and what rendered it somewhat peculiar was the fact that his two daughters—and very pretty girls withal—waited upon us at table, holding

above our heads a couple of torches made of the fat pine. That was the first time we had ever been waited upon in so regal a manner, and more than once during the feast did we long to retire to a corner of the smoky and dingy cabin to take a sketch of the romantic scene. And what was more singular than all, it was with difficulty that we could induce this mountaineer to receive any pay for all that he had done for our pleasure.

**THE TENNESSEE RIVER, ALABAMA.**—That portion of the Tennessee River extending down-stream about fifteen miles from Chattanooga, is said to be quite as imposing and romantic as the highlands of the Rhine, the Upper Mississippi, or the Hudson. Limestone bluffs rise to a great height on either side, a little back of the river; and while the immediate shores are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with gray rocks and an occasional log hut, the summits of the hills loom against the sky in a great variety of abrupt outlines. The waters of the river rush through this mountain gateway with great velocity, and, though the smaller steamboats descend the stream without danger, it is with great difficulty that they can ascend, and during high freshets it is quite impossible. Whirlpools and eddies, as a matter of course, abound, and the Georgia crackers or Tennessee trappers, who gave this spot the name of the Suck, have fastened upon other localities such names as the Pot, the Pan, and the Skillet.

**VIEW ON THE OWASSA.**—This river, with its Indian name, meaning the main river, is a tributary of the noble Tennessee, and is a clear, rapid, and highly picturesque stream. It is quite circuitous in its course, and the valley through which it runs is fertile, partially cultivated, and hemmed in with mountains that roll away to the sky, very much like some of the mountains of Vermont. The accompanying view is perhaps as characteristic as any that could be selected, and the spirit of peace which rests upon it cannot be witnessed without a sensation of comfort. The people live almost exclusively in log cabins, and are moral and intelligent, but apparently destitute of all enterprise. What this valley, and many others of equal fertility and beauty to be found among the highlands of Georgia and North Carolina, mostly need, to make them all that heart could desire, are the industrial and educational elements



Tennessee River, Alabama.

of New England. The soils are exceedingly rich, and the climate perfection. It is but seldom that a foot of snow covers the earth in the severest winters; and, though the days of midsummer are very warm, they are seldom sultry, and the nights are sufficiently cool to make a blanket necessary. Fevers, and other diseases peculiar to the sea-slope of the Alleghanies, are hardly known among the inhabitants, and hitherto the majority of people have died of old age. Fruits of all kinds are abundant, and the apple and peach arrive at great perfection; and out of the latter they manufacture a very good and palatable brandy. The surrounding mountains are covered with luxuriant grass, even to their summits; for in the forests there is a scarcity of undergrowth (as is the case in our Northern forests), so that the whole country is a pasture-land, capable of feeding a hundred-

fold more cattle than have hitherto been raised in the country. Connected with the river Owassa, there is a geological fact worth mentioning. Running directly across a little hamlet, which stands at the mouth of the river, is a belt of richly-variegated marble, which belt crosses the Owassa. Just above this rich and solid causeway, or dam, the river, for about two hundred feet, is said to be over one hundred feet deep, and at one point, according to the old story, it is bottomless. When the people there begin to discuss the subject, they universally express the opinion that there is a subterranean passage between the deep hole in the Owassa and the river Notely, which is two miles distant; and the testimony adduced in proof of this theory is, that a log which had been cut and marked on the Notely was subsequently found floating in the Owassa.



View on the Owassa.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"  
"THE BROWNINGs," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Ah, you have heard!" cried Laurie, half indignant, half mollified.

"I have heard nothing," said the painter; "but I see you have brought a heap of troubles to cast down at your neighbor's door. Come, let us have them out." Whereupon poor Laurie told his story, brightening as he told it. Curiously enough, when he brought himself face to face with his misfortunes, the burden of them always was lightened for him—a case so much unlike what it is with ordinary men. When he stood at a distance from them, so to speak, they swelled into great mystic devouring giants; but they were only manageable human difficulties, and no more, when he faced them near. "I must take to work in earnest," said Laurie, "that's all, so far as I am concerned. It is worse for Ben; but fortunately, as I have a profession—"

"Have you a profession?" Mr. Welby broke in abruptly, looking Laurie, without a shadow of a smile, in the face, as if moved by genuine curiosity; and the young man gave a little nervous smile.

"You thought I was amateur all over," he said, "and I dare say I deserved it. But don't tear me to pieces altogether; that stage of existence is past."

"I asked for simple information," said the R. A. "If you have a profession, now is the time to stick to it. I thought you were only a virtuoso; but if you have been really brought up to any thing—"

"You make me feel very small," said poor Laurie, blushing like a girl up to his hair. "I have not been brought up to it, I know. I have been a virtuoso merely, but I am not too old to begin to work in earnest. And there is nothing I love like art."

"Art!" said Mr. Welby with great strain and commotion of his eyebrows. He gave his shoulders a little shrug, and he talked volumes with those shaggy brows. Laurie felt himself scolded, put down, pushed aside as a puny pretender.

"I did not mean to say any thing so very presumptuous," he said with momentary youthful petulance, in answer to this silent lecture; and then added, with equally sudden youthful compunction, "I beg your pardon. I do want your advice."

"Art!" repeated the R. A. with a little snort. "You had much better take to a crossing at once. I went at it, sir, when I was twelve years old. I never had a thought in my noddle but pictures. I've gone here and there and everywhere to study my trade; and after fifty years of it, sir"—cried the academician, springing suddenly to his feet, seizing a canvas which stood against the wall and thrusting it upon one of the vacant easels up to Laurie—"look at that!"

It was the beginning of a sketch half smeared over. One exquisite pair of eyes, looking out as from a mist of vague color, seemed to look reproachfully upon their creator; but there certainly was an arm and leg also visible, of which Laurie felt like poor Andrea in Mr. Browning's wonderful poem, that if he had a piece of chalk— Welby, R. A., was growing old. He knew it perfectly, and perhaps in his soul was not sorry; but when he saw the signs of it on his canvas, it went to his heart.

"Look at that!" he said, with a sort of savage triumph; "drawing any lad in the Academy would be ashamed of!—after fifty years as hard work as ever man had. I might have been lord chancellor in those fifty years. I might have sat on the woolsack, or been Governor of India; and here I stand, a British painter, not able to draw the tibia! By Jove, sir, a man would need to be trained to bear mortification before he could stand that."

"I should think you might laugh at it if any man could," said Laurie, feeling half disposed to laugh himself; but he had too true an eye to attempt to contradict his master.

"I can't laugh at failure," said Mr. Welby, snatching the sketch he had just exhibited off the easel and thrusting it back into its place against the wall. "I had some people here to-day who would have given me a heap of money for that piece of idiocy. What do they

care? It would have been a Welby, no matter what else it was. Welby in his drivelling stage, the critics would have called it, and just as good for a specimen of the master as any other. And that is what a man comes to, my dear fellow, after fifty years—of art!"

"Yes," said Laurie, with the confidence which he had as a young man of the world, and not as an art-student—"I don't say any thing about the tibia, for you know best; but to put a soul into a smeared bit of canvas is what no lord chancellor in the world could do; and you know quite well it would have made any young fellow's fortune to have painted that pair of eyes."

"Eyes! Stuff!" said the R. A., but he took back the canvas again and looked at it with a softened expression. "The short and long of it is, my dear boy," he said, "that Art is a hard mistress even to those who serve her all their lives; and you have done no more than flirt with her yet. Is there any thing else open to you? You were quite right to come to me for advice. Nobody knows better the shipwrecks that have been made by Art. Why, you cannot come into this house, sir, without feeling what an uncertain siren she is. There was poor Severn, as good a fellow as ever breathed. I don't say he could ever have been lord chancellor; but he might have made a very respectable attorney, perhaps, or merchant, or shoemaker, or something; and here he's gone and died—the fool—at forty, leaving all those children, and not a penny—all along of art."

"But what do you say of the padrona," said Laurie, kindling into a little subdued enthusiasm. "What else could she have done? What would have become of the children?"

"They would have gone to the workhouse, sir, and there would have been an end," said the academician, sternly. "The padrona, as you call her—and, by Jove! had I been Severn, I'd have shut her up sooner than let a parcel of young fellows talk of her like that. Well, then, Mrs. Severn—as we'll call her, if you please—the young woman has a pretty talent, and her husband taught her after a fashion how to use it. And her pictures sell—at present. But how long do you think it will be before everybody is stocked with those pretty groups of children? They're very pretty, I don't deny; and sometimes there's just a touch that shows, if she had time, if she had not to work for daily bread, if she wasn't a woman, and could be properly educated, why that she might do something with it which— But every thing is against her, poor soul! and she's not wise enough to make hay while the sun shines; and when the sun has done shining, I wish you would tell me what the poor thing is to do?"

"I hope the sun will shine—as long as she needs it," said Laurie, warmly.

"Ah! hope, I dare say; so do I. But that's as much as wishing she may die early like him," said Mr. Welby, rubbing his eyelid. "It can't last, my dear fellow; and that's why I say the workhouse at once, and have done with it. But anyhow, Mrs. Severn is no example for you. She was made for work, that woman. As long as she has her baby to carry about at nights, and her boys to make a row, and that child, Alice, with her curls—why the woman is a tiger for work, I tell you. But you are made of different matter. And besides," said the R. A., with the faintest twist of a smile about his lip, "a woman may content herself with the homely sort of work she can do; but a young fellow aims at high art—or he's a muff if he don't." The old man concluded with a little half-affectionate fierceness, softening toward Laurie, who was everybody's favorite, and who was thus affronted, stimulated, and solaced in a breath.

"Perhaps I am a muff," said Laurie, laughing. "I am inclined to think so, sometimes. I am not sure that I want to go in for high art. I want to master my profession, as a profession, as I might go and eat in the Temple. I am not too old for that," he said wistfully, giving his adviser one of those half-feminine, appealing glances which never come amiss from young eyes.

Once more the R. A. became pantomimically eloquent. He shrugged his shoulders, he shook his head, he delivered whole volumes of remonstrance from his eyebrows. Then, after a few minutes of this mute animadversion, suddenly put his head between his hands, and stared right into Laurie's eyes across the table. "Let us hear what chances you have otherwise," he said. "I beg your pardon for insinuating such a thing, but hasn't your family some sort of connection with—trade?"

"Oh, yes," said Laurie. "You need not beg my pardon. It is too big a connection to be ashamed of—Renton, Westbury, and Co., at Calcutta—and there's a house in Liverpool, I believe. Ben ought to



have been sent out, had we stuck to the traditions of the family. It has been in existence for a hundred and fifty years."

"Well, then, suppose you go out in place of Ben," said Mr. Welby, musingly, as he might have asked him to take physic; upon which Laurie laughed, and grew rather red.

"My cousin, Dick Westbury, went in Ben's place," he said—"the very sort of fellow to make a merchant of. You might as well tell me to go and stand on my head."

"If I could make all the money by it that those fellows do, I should not mind standing on my head," said Laurie's counsellor, reprovingly. "Why shouldn't you be 'the very sort' as well? I don't see that any particular talent is required. A good head, sir, and close attention, and a knowledge of the multiplication-table. But perhaps they did not teach you that at Eton?" Mr. Welby added, with a gentle sneer, such as he loved.

"If they did, I have forgotten it years ago," said Laurie. "Indeed, it would not do. You know it would not do. A fellow has to be brought up to it; and, besides, I shouldn't go if I were asked," he added, with a sudden cloud on his face.

"That settles the question," said his adviser. "You are a fool, my dear fellow; but I thought as much. Well, then; there are all the Government-offices—couldn't your friends get you into one of them? The very thing for you, sir. Not too much to do, and plenty of time to do it in. You could keep up your studio still."

"But you forget the competitive examination," cried Laurie, just as his brother Ben had replied to a similar suggestion. "I don't know Julius Caesar from Adam," he said, laughing. "I have not an idea which Göthe it was that discovered printing. I can't tell whereabout are the Indian Isles. They'd pluck me as fast as look at me. You forget that we're high-minded, and that influence is no good now."

"Confound it!" said Mr. Welby, with energy, pausing to find something else more feasible. Then he bent confidentially across the table, coaxing, almost appealing, to his intractable neophyte. "My dear fellow, what do you say to literature?" said the R. A., in his softest tone. Upon which Laurie burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"I see no occasion for laughter," the academician continued, half offended. "Why shouldn't you write as well as another? I assure you, sir, I know half a dozen men who write, and they have not an ounce of brains among them. All you require is the knack of it. They tell me they make heaps of money; and it does not matter what lies you tell, or how much idioey you give vent to—especially about art," he said, with sudden fierceness. "And, to be sure, in this beautiful age of ours everybody reads. I don't see why you should not go in for the newspapers or the magazines, or something. There is no study wanted for that; there's the beauty of it. The more nonsense you talk, the more people like it. And, so far as I can see, it's as easy to talk nonsense on paper as in company—easier, indeed, for there's nobody to contradict you. All you want is the knack. I know the editor of the *Scord*, my dear fellow. I'll get you an engagement on that."

"But I never wrote two sentences in my life," said Laurie; "and, as for literature, it cannot be less uncertain than art."

"Quite a different thing, my dear fellow," said the R. A., eagerly; "not one in fifty, let us say, knows a picture when he sees it. I might say one in a hundred. Whereas everybody, I suppose, understands the rubbish in the papers; every one reads it, at least, which comes to the same thing. I know men who are making their thousands a year. It is only getting the knack of it."

Laurie gave a faint laugh; but the fun had by this time palled upon him. For a moment he covered his face with his hands. It was part of his temperament to have these moments of impatience and disgust with every thing. Then Mr. Welby got up and began to walk about the room in some excitement. "Confound the fellow! he will do nothing one tells him," he said. But after a while the old painter came back to his seat, and was very kind. He entered into the question more gravely, even with a certain melancholy. He pointed out to him, again, how many wrecks there were on all the coasts of men who had mistaken their profession, and gave him an impressive sketch of all the toils he ought to go through ere he could worthily bear the name of painter. "And, after all, find yourself, like me, baffled by the tibia!" he cried, with a kind of passion. But in this talk Laurie recovered his spirits. His friend, in his compunction, gave him prac-

tical advice which would have been of the highest importance to any beginner. "I warn you against it all the same," he said, working his eyebrows like the old-fashioned telegraph. But Laurie took the information and the advice without the warning, and went away, once more seeing in a vision that picture on the line in the Academy, with Laurence Renton's name to it, and a crowd of his fine friends wondering around.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE PADRONA.

WHEN Laurie left Mr. Welby's studio, he had not, however, satisfied himself either with No. 375 Fitzroy Square, or with the advice on art-subjects which he had come to seek. Old Forrester replied to his inquiry if Mrs. Severn was at home with a benevolent smile: "It ain't often as she's anywhere else, sir," said that authority. "I never see such a lady to work—and a-singing at it, as if it was pleasure. Them's the sort, Mr. Renton, for my money," the old man added, with enthusiasm. "Master, he's ready to swear at it sometimes, which ain't consistent with art."

"Don't you think so?" said Laurie. "But, when art becomes a passion, you know—"

"I don't hold with passion," said Forrester. "It stands to reason, Mr. Renton, that a thing as is to hang for ages and ages on a wall, didn't ought to have no violence about it. I hate to see them poor things a-hurting of themselves for centuries. You look at 'em, sir," he added, pointing to an old picture in which the action was somewhat violent, which hung in the hall; "they couldn't do that no how, not if they were paid millions for it. Me and Shaw was talking it over the last time he was here. I don't hold with that sort of passion, not in a picture. And I don't always hold with master himself, Mr. Renton, between you and me. He's been swearing hawful, sir, over that poor tibble there. And what business has any man, sir, to have his tibble in such a hattitude? It's hoisted right round, nigh out of its socket. I wouldn't do it, not for no money, if it was me."

"But you have no such fault to find with Mrs. Severn," said Laurie, who, in the impatience of youthful criticism, had made a similar observation to himself.

"Bless you, sir, there's never nothing out of harmony in them groups," said Forrester; "and easy, too, to tell why. Not as I'm a-making light of her heye; she's got a fine heye for a lady, sir, in composition; but, seeing it's her own little things as is the models, would she put 'em in hattitudes to hurt 'em, Mr. Renton? You may take your oath as a lady wouldn't. Master—he pays his models, and he don't care. Will you walk up, or will I go and say you're here?"

"I think I may go without being announced," said Laurie, who was a little proud of the *petites entrées*, though it was only to an humble house. As he went up the great, dingy staircase, he put his fingers lightly through his hair, and looked with some dismay at the limp pinkness of the rose in his button-hole. It was hanging its head, as roses will when they feel the approach of frost in the air. There is a curious dinginess, which is not displeasing, in those old-fashioned houses. The walls were painted in a faint gray-green; the big stairs had a narrow Turkey carpet, very much worn, upon them, and went winding up the whole height of the house to a pale skylight in the roof. A certain size, and subdued sense of airiness, and quiet, and space, was in the house, though London raged all around, like a great battle. The arrangement of the first floor was much like that of Mr. Welby's apartments. There was a great, shadowy, dingy, drawing-room, with three vast windows, always filled with a kind of pale twilight—for it was the shady side of the square—and, opening from that, by folding-doors, a second room, which did duty as Mrs. Severn's dining-room; and, behind that, again, the studio. The door of the dining-room was open, and Laurie paused, and went half in as he passed. The children were there with their daily governess, who was—poor soul!—almost at the end of her labors. She was struggling hard to keep their attention to the last half of the last hour when the intruder's head, thrust in at the door, made further control impossible. There were two small boys, under ten, and one little creature with golden locks, seated at the feet of the eldest of the family, who was working at the window. "Alice, with her curls," was almost too big for Miss Hadley's teaching. She was seated in that demure, soft dignity of the child-woman, with all the importance of an elder sister,

working at little Edith's frock; a girl who rarely said any thing, but thought the more; not beautiful, for her features were not regular, but with lovely, thoughtful, brown eyes, and a complexion so sweet in its varying color that it felt like a quality of the heart, and one loved her for it. Her curls were what most people of the outside world knew her by. In these days of *crêpe* locks and elaborate hair-dressing, Alice's soft, silken, perfect curls, nestling about her pretty neck, softly shed behind her ears, were distinction enough for any girl. They were chestnut—that chestnut, with the gold in it, which comes next to everybody's favorite color in everybody's estimation—and there was a silken gloss upon them, which was old-fashioned, but very sweet to see, once in a way. She sat—in the perfectly unobtrusive dress of modern girlhood: simple frock up to the throat, little white frill, tiny gold locket, without even a ribbon on her hair—against the afternoon light in the window, just raising her eyes, with a smile in them, to Laurie, and lifting up one slender finger by way of warning. "Mamma is in the studio," said Alice, under her breath. But he thought he had never seen a prettier picture than that little interior he had peeped into. Miss Hadley was not bad-looking, Laurie decided. She had keen black eyes under those deep brows, and not a bad little figure. And little Frank, with such a despairing languor over his soft, round, baby face; and Edith, all crumpled up like a dropped rose by Alice's feet; and the light slanting in through the big window, trying and failing to penetrate the dimness of the gray-green walls, all covered with pictures. Every thing was in the shade, even little Edith, all overshadowed by her sister's dress and figure—an afternoon picture, with every tone subdued, and a touch of that weariness upon all things which comes with the waning light—a weariness which would vanish as soon as it was dark enough to have lights, and when the hour came for the family tea.

When Laurie knocked at the studio-door, he could hear, even before he was told to come in, the painter singing softly over her work, as Forrester had said. She was no musician, which, we suppose, may be understood from the fact of this singing at her work. Her voice was not good enough to be saved up for the pleasure of others, and accordingly was left free to hum a little accompaniment to her own not unmelodious life. Mrs. Severn was not a partisan of work for women, carrying out her theory, but a widow, with little children, working with the tools that came handiest to her for daily bread; and she had been accordingly adopted respectfully into a kind of comradeship by all the artists about, who had known her husband and were ready to stand by her as much as men of the same profession might. Nobody ever dreamed of thinking she was going out of her proper place, or taking illegitimate work upon her, when she took up poor Severn's palette. There are ways of doing a thing which people do not always consider when they are actuated by strong theoretical principles. The padrona took to her work quite quietly, as if she had been born to it; did not think it any hardship; worked her regular hours like any man, and asked little advice from any one. In short, if she had a fault, it was generally believed that it was her indifference to advice. She rarely asked it, and still more rarely took it. Since the time when poor Severn died, and when she passionately explained to her friends that it was less pain to manage her own affairs than to talk them over with others, she had gone on doing every thing for herself. Whether that was a wise way of proceeding it would be hard to tell; but at least it was her way. Poor Severn had not been a great painter—poor fellow; he had done very well up to a certain point, but there he had stopped; and then he had travelled about a great deal with his family, and studied all the great pictures in the world, and made sketches of a great many novel customs and practices, with the view of making a new start, "as Philip did." John Philip, as every one knows, being an ordinary painter, went to Spain, and came home a great one. But poor Severn found no inspiration awaiting him at any wayside. One of the children had been born in Florence, and one in Dresden; they were almost the only evidences that remained of those piteous wanderings and labors.

But, wherever the poor fellow went, a pair of bright, observant eyes were always by his side, taking note of things which he only tried to make use of, and by degrees his wife had got possession of the pencil as it dropped out of his failing hands. Of course, her drawing would not bear examination as his would have done. He did the best he could to give her a more masculine touch, but failed. She was feeble in her anatomy, very irregular in respect to every thing that was classical; but, somehow, bits of life stole upon the forlorn canvases in

Fitroy Square under her hand. "You may trust her for the sentiment," he said—poor fellow!—almost with his last breath, "and her eye for color; but, Welby, I'd like to see her drawing a little firmer before I leave her." This he was never fated to see; and Mrs. Severn's drawing was not likely to get firmer when her teacher was gone. It was never very firm, we are bound to admit; and we are also obliged to confess, against our will, that the padrona catered a great deal for the British public in the way of pretty babies, and tender little nursery scenes. Her pictures were domestic, in the fullest sense of the word. In her best there would be the little child saying its prayers at its mother's knee, which never fails to touch the Cockney soul; and in her worse there would be baby at table breaking his mug and thrusting his spoon everywhere but where he ought. They were very pretty, and sometimes, as if by chance, they stumbled into higher ground, and caught a look, a gleam of heaven—an unconscious essay, as it were, at the English Mary and her Blessed Child, which has never yet been produced by an insular painter—only an essay, and it never had time or hope to come to more. But the British public—bless it!—liked the pictures, and bought them—not for their gleams of loftier meaning, but for the exquisite painting of baby's mug, and because the carpet under the mother's feet was so real that you could count the threads. The painter did not ask herself particularly why her pictures became popular; she was very thankful, very glad, and took the money as a personal favor for some time, feeling that it was too good a joke. But all the freshness of the beginning was over long before the day on which Laurie knocked at the studio-door. She painted now with a more swift and practised hand, but still very unequally; sometimes mere mugs and carpets, with little human dolls; and sometimes women with children, more and more like the divine ideal; and out of her sorrow had grown softly happy again, without knowing how—happy in her work, and her freedom, and her independence, and her children. Alas! yes; in her independence and freedom. She liked that, though many a reader will think the worse of her for liking it. But it is not as a perfect creature she is here introduced, but as a woman with faults, like others. Everybody knew that she had been very fond of poor Severn, and had stood by him faithful and tender till his last breath; and that she was very desolate when he was gone, and cried out even against God and His providence a little in her anguish and solitude; but pondered and was silent, and pondered and was cheerful; and, at last, things being as they were, got to be glad that she was free and could work for herself. And she was comparatively young, and had plenty to do, and there were her children. A woman cannot go on being heart-broken with such props as these. And it pleased her, we avow, since she could not help it, to have her own way.

It was her husband who had called her padrona caressingly to everybody when they came back from Italy—the "missis," as he would explain—and what had been a joke at first had become the tenderest of titles now. Those only who had been Severn's friends dared continue to address her by that name, and Laurie was one of them, young though he was. When she said, "Come in," he opened the door softly. She was standing by her easel, hastily finishing something with the little light that remained. "Don't disturb me, please, for five minutes," she said, without looking round, "whoever you are. I must not lose this last little bit of light."

"Don't hurry," said Laurie, sitting down behind her in a Louis-Quinze fauteuil, which had figured in many pictures.

"Ah, it is you!" said the padrona; but she did not turn round for the moment, or take any further notice of him. This third studio was not like any of the others. It was much barer, and, indeed, poorer. There was in it none of the classic wealth of casts and friezes which adorned Laurie's sanctuary. There were no pictures in it, as in Mr. Welby's stately studio. Had the padrona possessed ebony cabinets inlaid with silver, or a rare Angelichino, no doubt she would have sold them for some mean-spirited consideration of Alice's music-lessons, or a month at the seaside for the bundle of children whose pleasure was more to her, alas! though she was a painter, than all the pictures in the world. There were some prints only on the walls—gray-green here as elsewhere throughout the house—prints of Raphael's Madonnas—she of San Sisto within reach of the painter's eye as she worked, and she of Foligno, in her maturer splendor, on the mantel-piece; but there was a great dearth of the usual "materials" with which an artist's studio abounds. The padrona's work was of a

kind which did not require much consultation of examples; her draperies were chiefly modern, her subject the ever-varying child-life which she had under her eye. A little lay-figure, which little Edith called her wooden sister, was in a corner, dressed—alas! for art—in one of Edith's frocks, considerably torn and ragged, which was about the highest touch of effect Mrs. Severn permitted herself. There was something curious altogether in the commonplace, untechnical air of the room. It is the defect of women in general when they adopt a profession to be rather too technical; but the padrona took her own way. She had given in so far, however, to the use and wont of the craft as to wear a gray garment over her gown, which fitted very nicely, and looked as well as if it had been the gown itself. She was a middle-sized woman, fully developed, and not girlish in any way, though her face had the youthfulness of a gay temperament and elastic disposition. Her eyes were hazel, with a great deal of light in them; her mouth full of laughter and merriment, except when she was thinking, and then it might perhaps be a trifle too firm; her hair brown and soft, and abundant. Laurie sat in the fauteuil and watched her taking the good of the last remnant of light with a curious mixture of kindness and admiration, and a kind of envy. "If I could but go at it like that!" he said to himself, knowing that, had he been in her place, he would so gladly have thrown down his brush on the pleasant excuse of a visitor. There was a certain professional ease in the way he seated himself to wait her leisure, such as perhaps could have been bred in none other but this atmosphere, softly touched with the odor of pigments, and with the lay-figure in the corner. Literature has less of this brotherhood of mutual comprehension—at least in England—being a morose art which demands to a certain extent seclusion and silence; but art is friendly, gregarious, talkative. The padrona began to talk to him immediately, though she did not turn her head.

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "at least I shall be glad to see you whenever I have finished this arm. It has worried me all day, and if I don't do it at once it will slip out of my mind again. I wish one could paint without drawing; it is hard upon an uneducated person; and I am sure if it was not for those horrid critics, the British public does not care if one's arm is out of drawing or not."

"Welby does not think so," said Laurie. "Have you seen his tibia that he is raving about?"

"Ah, but then that wounds his own eye," said Mrs. Severn, half turning round; "just as a false note in music wounds my child, though it does not disturb me much. The dreadful thing is not to know when you're out of drawing or out of tune. One feels something is wrong, but one is not clever enough to see what it is."

"I don't think you are often out of tune, padrona nostra, or out of drawing either," said poor Laurie, with a sigh.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Severn, "what does this mean, I wonder—that our friend is out of tune himself?"

"Dreadfully out of tune," said Laurie, "all ajar and not knowing what to do with myself—and come to you to set me right."

Then there was a pause of a minute or two, and the painter turned from her easel and put down her palette with a sigh of relief.

"That's over for to-day at least," she said, and came and held out her hand to her visitor. "I saw it in the papers," she said, "but I would not say any thing till I could give you my hand and look you in the face. Was it sudden? We have all to bear it one way or other; but it's very hard all the same, and especially the first blow."

It was the first time since the reading of the will that anybody had sympathized honestly with one of Mr. Renton's sons for their father's death; and near as that event was, the voice of natural pity startled Laurie back to natural feeling. The twilight too, which hid the tears that rushed to his eyes, and the soft, kind clasp of the hand which had come into his, and the voice full of all sympathies, united to move him. A sudden ache for his loss, for the father who had been so good to him struck, with all its first freshness, into the mind where dwelt so many harder thoughts. When Mrs. Severn sat down, and bade him tell her about it, the young man went back to the sudden deathbed, and was softened, touched, and mollified in spite of himself; his voice trembled when he told her those wanderings of the dying man—as everybody thought them—and of his affectionate confidence that "Laurie would not mind."

"I see there is something more coming," said the padrona, with that insight in which he had trusted; "but whatever it is I am sure he was right, and Laurie will not be the one to mind."

"I don't mind," said Laurie, with a sob that did no discredit to

his manhood; and if there had been a shadow of resentment in his heart for the injury done him, in these words it passed away; and instead of asking the padrona's advice as he had intended, as he had asked old Welby's, he told her, on the contrary, about his father, and his anxieties touching Ben, and all the sinkings of heart, of which he did not himself seem to have been conscious till sympathy called them forth. I do not know whether the softness of the domestic quiet, and the padrona's face shining upon him across the table, with all the light in her room concentrated in her hazel eyes, and the soft monosyllables of sympathy—the "poor Laurie"—that dropped from her lips now and then—one cannot tell what effect these might have had in making the character of this interview so different from that he had held with Mr. Welby. Had it been her daughter to whom he was talking there could of course have been no doubt about it. But anyhow this was how it happened. Laurie made it apparent to her and to himself that it was the tender anguish of bereavement which had brought him here to be comforted, and was perfectly real and true in thus representing himself; and Mrs. Severn was very sorry for him, and thought more highly of him than ever. It had grown almost dark before she rose from her chair and brought the conversation to an end.

"You are too young to dwell always on one subject," she said. "Come in now and have tea with the children. They are all very fond of you, and it will do you good. Of course, you have not dined: you can go and dine late, at eight or nine: it does not matter to you young men. And, if the talk is too much, Alice will play to you."

"The talk will not be too much," said Laurie; but as he followed the padrona out of the room he plucked the rose out of his button-hole and crushed it up in his hand and let it drop on the floor. A rose in a man's coat is perhaps not quite consistent with the deepest phase of recent grief. But he was no deceiver in spite of this little bit of involuntary humbug. Other thoughts had driven his grief away, and diminished its force perhaps; but those were true and natural tears he had been shedding, and he felt ashamed of himself for having been able to think of the rose, and did not want the padrona's quick eye to light upon that gentlest inconsistency; but on the whole it did not appear to him that he was unequal to their talk. So he went and played with the children while Mrs. Severn withdrew to change her dress for the evening, seating herself in the inner room where the lamp was burning and the table arrayed for tea, while Alice in the dim gray drawing-room, with the folding-doors open, played softest *Lieder*, such as her soul loved, in the dusk; and Miss Hadley sat and knitted, casting now and then a keen look from under her deep brows at Laurie in his mourning; and the urn bubbled and steamed, and little Edith climbed up into her high seat by the table, waiting till the padrona in her lace collar should come down to tea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NEW THEORY OF BIRDS'-NESTS.

THE following is an abstract of a paper on the relation of certain sexual differences of color, in birds, to their nidification, or modes of nest-building, contributed some time ago to an English journal of very small circulation. Its statements will be novel and interesting to most of our readers:

The habit which the great majority of birds possess of forming a more or less elaborate structure for the reception of their eggs and young, has furnished one of the stock arguments to prove the existence of a blind but unerring instinct in the lower animals. A bird is generally believed to be able to build its nest, not by the ordinary faculties of observation, memory, and imitation, but by means of some innate and mysterious impulse. When, however, we attend to the very evident relation that exists between the structure, habits, and intelligence of birds and the kind of nest they construct, we shall find no more reason to believe that these nests are the products of a blind but unerring instinct, than that a like instinct superintends either the construction of the rude break-wind which forms the sole habitation of the aboriginal Tasmanian, or the erection of the Capitol at Washington.

The exact mode of nidification of each species of bird is probably the result of a variety of causes. The most important of these causes seem to be the structure of the species and its environ-



ment. Their weak feet and bills, which render them physically unable to weave together grass, or moss, or fibres, or wool, and the fact that they chiefly frequent places where such materials are not to be found, afford an almost sufficient explanation why a considerable number of birds, such as waders and swimmers, form no nest whatever. Those birds, on the other hand, such as the weaver-birds and the wren, which form the most elaborate and perfect nests, are the most highly organized of the class, having powerful and yet delicate grasping feet, a well-formed, pointed bill, and extreme rapidity of motion. The places, moreover, where they seek their daily food, are those where all the materials used in their nests are abundant. Two other causes, however, exert considerable, perhaps great, influence. These are: changed conditions of existence, whether internal or external, and the influence of hereditary habit; the first inducing alterations in the nest; the other preserving the peculiarities so produced, even when changed conditions render them no longer necessary.

Considering the main purpose of birds' nests to be the protection of the eggs and the security and comfort of the young birds, we may group them under two primary divisions, according as they more or less completely fulfil this important function. In the first, we place all those in which the eggs and young are hidden from sight, no matter whether this is effected by an elaborate covered structure, or by depositing the eggs in some hollow tree or burrow underground. In the second, we group all in which the eggs and young and sitting-bird are exposed to view, no matter whether there is the most beautifully-formed nest or none at all.

It will be seen that this division of birds, according to their nidification, bears little relation to the character of the nest itself. It is a functional, not a structural classification. The most rude and the most perfect specimens of bird-architecture are to be found in both sections. It has, however, a certain relation to natural affinities, for large groups of birds, undoubtedly allied, fall into one or the other division exclusively.

Turning now from the nests to the creatures which make them, let us consider birds themselves from a somewhat unusual point of view, and form them into separate groups, according as both sexes, or the males only, are adorned with conspicuous colors.

The sexual differences of color and plumage in birds are very remarkable, and have attracted much attention; and, in the case of polygamous birds, have been well explained by Mr. Darwin's principle of sexual selection. We can, to some extent, understand how male pheasants and grouse have acquired their most brilliant plumage and greater size by the continual rivalry of the males both in strength and beauty; but this theory does not throw any light on the causes which have made the female toucan, bee-eater, parrot, macaw, and tit, in almost every case as gay and brilliant as the male; while the gorgeous chattering, manakins, tanagers, and birds of paradise, as well as our own blackbird, have mates so dull and inconspicuous that they can hardly be recognized as the same species.

This anomaly can, however, now be explained by the influence of the mode of nidification, since it is found that, with but very few exceptions, it is the rule that, when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors, the nest is of the second class, or such as to conceal the sitting-bird; while, whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting-bird exposed to view.

In the following groups of birds the female is gayly, or at least conspicuously, colored, and is in most cases exactly like the male: Kingfishers, motmots, puff-birds, trogons, hoopoes, hornbills, barbets, toucans, plantain-eaters, ground-cuckoos, woodpeckers, parrots, gapers, pardalotus, tits, nuthatches (*Sittella*), creepers, estrelas, certhiola, mynahs, calornis, hangnests. This list comprehends six important families of *Falconiformes*, four of *Scansores*, the *Psittaci*, and several genera, with three entire families of *Passeres*. Now, in every case, the nests are so constructed as to partially or wholly conceal the female during the period of incubation.

The cases in which, on the other hand, whenever the male is gayly colored, the female is much less gay or quite inconspicuous, are exceedingly numerous, comprising chattering, manakins, tanagers, warblers, thrushes, fly-catchers, and shrikes. Now, throughout the whole of these families, the nest is open, and there does not seem to be a single instance in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree or underground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed.

In considering this question, it is not necessary to take into account the larger and more powerful birds, because these seldom depend much on concealment to secure their safety.

Looking at these remarkable series of facts, it will be admitted that the relation between the coloring and nidification of birds has been sufficiently established. What, then, are we to do with this unexpected set of correspondences between groups of phenomena, which, at first sight, appear so disconnected? Do they teach us any thing of the way in which Nature works, and give us any insight into the causes which have brought about the marvellous variety and beauty and harmony of living things?

The first thing we are taught by them seems to be, that there is no incapacity in the female sex among birds to receive the same bright hues and strongly-contrasted tints with which their partners are so often decorated, since, whenever they are protected and concealed during the period of incubation, they are similarly adorned. The fair inference is, that it is chiefly due to the absence of protection or concealment during this important epoch, that gay and conspicuous tints are withheld or left undeveloped. The normal action of "sexual selection" is to develop color and beauty in both sexes, by the preservation and multiplication of all varieties of color in either sex which are pleasing to the other. The female bird, however, while sitting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, is especially open to the attacks of enemies, and any modification of color which rendered her more conspicuous would lead to her destruction and that of her offspring. All variations of color in this direction in the female would, therefore, sooner or later be exterminated, while such modifications as rendered her inconspicuous, by assimilating her to surrounding objects, as the earth or the foliage, would, on the whole, be preserved the longest, and thus lead to the attainment of those brown or green and inconspicuous tints which form the coloring (of the upper surface at least) of the vast majority of female birds which sit upon open nests.

At the outset, it was stated that the essential features of birds' nests are dependent on the structure of the species and upon the present and past conditions of their existence. Both these factors are more important and less variable than color; and, without denying that the acquisition of color and the modification of the nest might, in some cases, act and react on each other, we must therefore conclude that, in most cases, the mode of nidification has been the cause and not the effect of the similarity or difference of the sexes as regards color.

There exist a few very curious and anomalous facts in the natural history of birds, which fortunately serve as a crucial test of the truth of this mode of explaining the inequalities of sexual coloration. It has been long known that, in some species, the males either assisted in, or wholly performed, the act of incubation. It has also been often noticed that, in certain birds, the usual sexual differences were reversed, the male being the more plainly colored, the female more gay, and often larger. Now, it is undoubtedly the fact that, in the best-known cases in which the female bird is more conspicuously colored than the male, it is either positively ascertained that the latter performs the duties of incubation, or there are good reasons for believing such to be the case.

The exceptions to the prevalent rule are few; and, in several cases, there are circumstances in the habits or structure of the species that sufficiently explain them. Kingcrows present no sexual differences of color, and yet build open nests; but they are very pugnacious, and are semi-gregarious in their habits. The very gay orioles, which have the sexes alike, or nearly so, while they build open nests, are the most serious exception; but it is one that, to some extent, proves the rule. For, in this case, it has been noticed that the parent birds display excessive care and solicitude in concealing the nest among thick foliage, and in protecting their offspring by incessant and anxious watching. The want of protection consequent on the bright color is obviated by an increased development of the mental faculties. The brilliantly-colored ground-thrushes form only an apparent exception; for almost all the bright colors are on the under surface. Of the habits of the black and white *Grallina Australis* we know too little to warrant our classing it as an exception, and, in any case, small patches of black and white blend at a short distance to form gray, one of the commonest tints of natural objects. Sun-birds form an exception of a different kind. Though the males are brilliant, and the females quite plain, yet they build covered nests in the few cases in which the nidification is known. This, however, is a negative exception, since there may be

other causes, besides the need for protection, which prevent the female acquiring the gay colors of her mate. And there is the additional consideration that our knowledge of the habits of those birds is very imperfect. Similarly with the coloring and nomenclature of the superb warblers. Increased knowledge of these delicate little birds may enable us to explain their exceptional character.

To some persons it will, perhaps, appear that the causes to which are imputed so much of the external aspect of Nature are too simple, too insignificant, and too unimportant for such a mighty work. Color has hitherto been too often looked upon as something adventitious and superficial, something given to an animal not to be useful to itself, but solely to gratify man, or even superior beings, to add to the beauty and ideal harmony of Nature. If this were the case, then it is evident that the colors of organized beings would be an exception to most other natural phenomena.

## THE "MYSTERIOUS MUSIC" OF MISSISSIPPI SOUND.

"PASCAGOULA, a river of Mississippi, formed by the junction of the Leaf and Chickasawhay. It flows in a southerly direction into Mississippi Sound, through two separate mouths, its embouchure forming Pascagoula Bay. . . . The mouth of the Pascagoula River is celebrated for the 'mysterious music' which may often be heard there on still summer evenings. The listener being on the beach, or, yet more favorably, in a boat floating upon the river, a low, plaintive sound is heard, rising and falling like that of an Æolian harp, and seeming to issue from the water. The sounds, which are represented as indescribably sweet and plaintive, cease as soon as there is any noise or disturbance of the water. The actual occurrence of this phenomenon, not only at the mouth of the Pascagoula, but at other points on the same coast, is fully attested by unquestionable evidence. It is the subject of various legends and traditions, but the most plausible conjecture in explanation of its origin is, that it is occasioned by some species of shell-fish or other marine animal. A somewhat similar phenomenon is mentioned by Sir Emerson Tennent as occurring in certain situations on the coast of Ceylon."—("New American Cyclopædia," vol. xiii., p. 18.)

Thus wrote the writer of this present article, some eight or nine years ago. His purpose now is to confirm, correct, and complete what was thus stated from secondary sources of information by the relation of some curiosities of later personal experience. For the better understanding and appreciation of these, it may be well to add to the above a few particulars, the detail of which was incompatible with the requirements of cyclopædic brevity.

The "mysterious music" has been a theme for curious wonder and romantic speculation from time immemorial—certainly from a period not long, if at all, subsequent to the first European settlement of that part of the coast of what was then the extensive colony of Louisiana. Mr. Gayarré, in his "Louisiana," giving an account of a tour through the colony made by Governor Périer in the year 1737, tells us that, "while among the Pascagoulas, or *bread-eaters*, he was invited to go to the mouth of the river of that name to listen to the mysterious music which floats on the waters—particularly on a calm, moonlight night—and which to this day excites the wonder of visitors. It seems to issue from caverns or grottos in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water, under the very keel of the boat which contains the inquisitive traveller, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand Æolian harps."

The following account of one of the legends associated with the phenomenon is condensed from the same author:

On the Pascagoula coast, once dwelt a peculiar tribe, differing in color, customs, and religion, from other American Indians. Their complexion was lighter, and tradition declared that their ancestors had sprung from the sea. They were a "gentle, gay, inoffensive race," fond of holidays and festivals, living chiefly on fish and oysters, and singularly gifted with musical tastes and powers. The principal object of their worship was a mermaid, or marine goddess, whose image they were wont to worship on moonlight nights with songs and strains of exquisite melody, drawn from musical instruments of shape and structure peculiar to their own race.

Among these people, shortly after the destruction of Mauvila by

De Soto (in 1539, says Mr. Gayarré—more probably in 1540), appeared a venerable Christian missionary. He commenced the work of instructing them in the truths of the Gospel, and was making fair progress in their conversion when he was baffled by a fearful prodigy performed by the spiritual foe.

One midnight, at the full of the moon, the waves of the bay, or river, rolled inward, gathering themselves into a huge column, on the top of which stood the mermaid. The Indians ran to the shore to witness the miracle. There the eye of the sea-nymph fascinated them; and her voice, calling to them in tones of superhuman melody, so utterly bewitched and maddened them, that the whole tribe—men, women, and children—plunged into the water, to return no more. Ever since may be heard, from time to time, faint echoes of the siren strains that lured them into the deep.

"Tradition," says Mr. Gayarré, "further relates that the poor priest died in an agony of grief, and that he attributed this awful event and victory of the powers of darkness to his not having been in a perfect state of grace when he attempted the conversion of those infidels. It is believed also that he said, on his death-bed, that those deluded pagan souls would be redeemed from their bondage and sent to the kingdom of heaven, if, on a Christmas-night, at twelve of the clock, when the moon shall happen to be at her meridian, a priest should dare to come alone to that musical spot, in a boat propelled by himself, and drop a crucifix into the water. But, alas! if this be ever done, neither the holy man nor the boat is to be seen again by mortal eyes. So far the attempt has not been made; skeptic minds have sneered, but no one has been found bold enough to try the experiment."

It may occur to the reader that the chances of success in trying the experiment may depend, in some degree, upon the margin of deviation from exactitude to be allowed in estimating the coincidence of the full moon with the Christmas midnight; but let us pretermitt too curious an inquiry into that puzzling problem.

Other traditions attribute the "music" in question to the wailing of the spirits of an extinct tribe of Indians, the last of whom, after a long struggle with a hostile tribe, were driven into and perished in the sea. Yet another legend has a maiden in it, and gives us an aboriginal version of the old story of love, disappointment, and a Sapphic plunge into the deep.

The mystic notes, though generally associated with the mouth of Pascagoula River, and perhaps heard there more frequently and more intensely than elsewhere, are not strictly confined to that spot. Whether or not they have ever been heard to the westward of Pascagoula Bay, I am not informed; but their occasional existence has been authenticated in Bayou Coq d'Inde, in the Rivière aux Poules, in a small bayou tributary to the Baie aux Hérons (renowned for oysters), and perhaps at other points along the Alabama coast, extending over a range of some twenty-five miles to the eastward of Pascagoula.

Finally, it is the general belief of the dwellers along the enchanted coast that the voice of submarine song has been hushed—or at least had ceased until the present season—since the quiet waters were disturbed by the thunders of the late "cruel war." The incident about to be related is, perhaps, the first indication of its return.

Often a visitor, and of late years an inhabitant, of the music-haunted coast, I had more than once listened, but listened in vain, for the mysterious notes, until a summer evening, not long past, awakened them into life within my hearing.

Fowl River (the Rivière aux Poules), a small stream, partaking partly of the character of a veritable river and partly of that of a salt-water inlet, débouches, by one of its mouths, into Mississippi Sound at a point about twenty miles to the eastward of Pascagoula, and four or five miles west of Mobile Bay. It flows through a region of primeval piny woods, varied near its mouth by a broken fringe of salt marshes and small clearings. A spot on the banks of this river, about two miles from its mouth, and about thirty miles south-by-west from the city of Mobile, is the base of my operations, or observations. It is a wild, remote, and lonely spot withal, and enjoys the local celebrity of being haunted. For more than one generation, tales have been told of strange lights and strange sounds seen and heard at night, and of a grim goblin, or gnome, the reputed guardian of rich treasures buried somewhere near the river-bank. Candor compels me to add that, during an occupancy of more than two years, I have seen no lights more wonderful than those of the fire-fly in the woods or the will-o'-the-wisp over the marsh, and, until the incident about to be re-

lated, had heard no stranger sounds than the hooting of an owl, the cry of a marsh-hen, or the bellowing of an alligator.

On the evening of Sunday, the 6th of June last (1869), I had occasion to pass, alone in a light skiff, to a point on the opposite side of the river. On my return, carelessly approaching the landing-place in the dim twilight, my skiff was suddenly checked in its course by striking against another boat, partially sunken, near the shore. At the moment of stoppage, a strange sound fell upon my ear, like the humming of an imprisoned insect, the vibrations of an Æolian chord, or the murmur of distant machinery. I listened with uplifted oars and eager interest.

"Where should this music be? 't the air, or the earth?"

It was a question not easily solved. Happening, at the time, to have one deaf ear, I endeavored, by turning my head from side to side, to fix the direction from which the sounds proceeded, and partially succeeded in locating them as issuing from about the stern of my skiff, but not with precision enough for certainty. This continued perhaps from five to ten minutes, when the music ceased.

The next evening, at twilight, I was again on the spot, and again heard the same weird, aquatic minstrelsy. On this occasion, the evidence of my own senses was verified by those of three different witnesses, of ages varying from thirteen to thirty-five years, who were taken successively and separately to the music-haunted spot. These observations were continued for four successive evenings. In the mean time, we had met with a duplicate of the phenomenon—had heard the voice of another tuneful water-nymph—at a spot about a hundred yards below, and nearer the middle of the river.

On the morning of the fifth day (Thursday, 10th), just before day-break, being then on a fishing-excursion with two young gentlemen of the ages of eight and twelve, respectively, I again encountered the voice more than half a mile below the places above mentioned. On this occasion, it was so clear, so sudden, and so startling, as to call forth a simultaneous exclamation from each member of the little party. A few days afterward, I heard it, more faintly, at evening, in a rustic bath-house, about thirty feet above the spot where it was first heard. This was the last utterance of our Undine, and the only one after the first week of our acquaintance with her. More than two months have passed, and I have listened repeatedly for a renewal of her voice, but in vain. There is, however, a pretty-well-authenticated account of its having been once heard quite lately. (This is written on the 16th of August.)

As to the character of the mysterious music itself, candor enforces the confession that, however much of mystery there be, there is but little music in it. If my own experience is a fair test, it can scarcely be described as resembling even remotely the sound of "a thousand Æolian harps." It is, as already described, a humming, or murmuring, rather than any thing more melodious, though having a sort of metallic ring, like that of the strings of a piano-forte. To my own ear, it seemed a mere monotone, rising and falling in volume and intensity, but never varying in note. Nevertheless, a lady of fine musical taste and delicate ear, who heard it with me, declares that there were two clearly distinguishable tones blending and intermingling with each other. The waves of rise and fall were peculiar and remarkable. Sometimes, while listening, one involuntarily looked around for the bird, bat, or beetle, that seemed to be flying around one's head. To locate the direction from which it issued was impossible, though repeated experiments enabled us to find the one spot in the water where it was heard most clearly, and from which, as the boat drifted away, the sound grew fainter and feebler.

The idea that the musical mermaid is sensitive to interruption, is not sustained by my experience. On the contrary, I soon found that neither loud talking nor splashing in the water disturbed her in the least. I even went so far as rudely to scrape and stir the bottom of the river with my oars, at the spot of greatest vocal intensity, without making the slightest impression upon the performance, though it would sometimes abruptly cease without perceptible cause. In this particular, therefore, the article above, quoted from the *Cyclopedia*, requires correction.

Far be it from my purpose to disturb or unsettle the poetic faith of those who cling to a supernatural solution of this or any other "mystery." But for such as prefer to regard it as a subject for scientific rather than romantic or legendary curiosity, and who consider a singing fish a more plausible phenomenon than a musical water-sprite, it may be interesting to know that the alleged fact of its disappear-

ance after the war corresponds with the well-attested scarcity of several familiar species of fish in these waters for a year or two after their quiet was disturbed by the thunders of Buchanan's and Farragut's artillery.

The fish theory, however, is not without its difficulties. The raking and scraping at the bottom, already mentioned, without effect, presents one. So rare and unique an animal should naturally be found under peculiar and uniform conditions of locality, subaqueous bottom, etc. Yet the different places in which the phenomenon occurred to my experience were as unlike as it was possible for them to be in the same sheet of water. In one case, it was near the shore, the bank and bottom both being hard and covered with an accumulation of broken oyster-shells. In two other places, at different distances from the banks—which are low and marshy—the bed of the river being a mixture of sand and soft mud, and, in at least one of them, with hardly a suspicion of a shell near the spot. In the bath-house, the bottom consists merely of an inclined plane of thick plank.

Another curious problem would be to account for the very limited range of the phenomenon along a coast extending so far, in nearly the same latitude, and possessing everywhere the same general characteristics. From the mouth of Pascagoula River to Heron Bay—the extreme limits of its known occurrence—the distance is only twenty-five miles. I have never heard of it west of the one point, nor east of the other—not even in Mobile Bay or any of its affluents, where its existence could scarcely have escaped observation. Still less likely would this have been the case about Pensacola, with a population keenly awake to any thing suggestive of marvel or mystery.

Perhaps, however, the greatest difficulty of all would be to account for the propagation of such a sound from beneath the surface of the water through the superjacent atmosphere—a phenomenon without precedent, if not altogether irreconcilable with the received acoustical theories.

I commend the subject to the consideration of the votaries of natural or supernatural science, content if this little monograph shall tend, in any degree, to inspire the interest, or assist the researches, of either class of inquirers.

## ARE WE CELTS OR TEUTONS?

### III.

#### THE EVIDENCE OF PHYSIOLOGY.

IT is commonly taken for granted that the English are a light-haired or auburn-haired race, and that they owe this peculiarity to the circumstance of their descent from the light-haired or auburn-haired Saxons. Dr. Knox says that the Saxons—by which term he means to designate the English of England, and the English of the United States—"have fair hair with blue eyes, and so fine a complexion that they may almost be considered the only absolutely fair race on the globe."—"Races of Men," p. 50.)

Our complexions are undoubtedly very fine. Ever since Pope Gregory lent his infallibility to the punning assertion, "Non sunt Angli, sed Angeli," there has been but one opinion as to the beauty of the English countenance. As the Emperor Frederick puts it, in his quaint troubadour verse:

"Pias mi cavalier Frances,  
E la donna Catalana,  
E l'onrar del Gineos,  
E la court de Castellana,  
Lou cantar Provençalezo,  
E la danza Trevisana,  
E lou corps Aragones,  
E la perla Jullana,  
La mans e kara d'Angles,  
E loa donzel de Toscana."

But the assumption that we are a fair-haired race is one which statistics show to be quite contrary to facts. Not only are the dark-haired among us as numerous as the light-haired, but they are vastly more numerous. The proportion of the dark-haired to the light-haired is about four to one. The population of London, supplied as it is from all parts of the country, is fairly representative of the population of England. Mr. Pike examined four thousand eight hundred and forty-eight Londoners, taken at random, and obtained the following results: red, one hundred and thirty-seven; yellow and



light, one thousand sixty-five; black and dark brown, three thousand six hundred and forty-six; or about twenty-four per cent. of fair hair to seventy-six per cent. of dark hair. In this classification the men who had red beards with black or dark hair were classed as red, in order to make as strong a case as possible in favor of light hair. From an examination of six thousand persons, Dr. Beddoe arrived at the conclusion that the proportion of dark-haired persons to fair-haired is eighty-five to fifteen; and this is not far from Prichard's estimate, that four-fifths of the English people are dark-haired. For several months I have amused myself by counting respectively the fair-haired and dark-haired persons on the horse-cars running between Boston and Cambridge—omitting Germans and Irishmen from the account—and the proportion has never varied more than one or two figures from that obtained by Dr. Beddoe. It should be further observed that the decidedly light shades of hair—the flaxen, the true auburn, and the *chevelure dorée*—are exceedingly uncommon, occurring only at the rate of about three in one thousand.

In Northumberland and east Yorkshire, and in the rural districts elsewhere in the eastern half of England—that is, where the Teutonic infusion has been strongest—there is a considerably larger proportion of fair-haired people. It is said that there are even some localities where fair hair predominates; but the English people, as a whole, must be described as in the main dark-haired.

Now how was it with the ancient Teutons? Tacitus (*Germ.*, iv.) tells us that the Germans of his day had, all of them, reddish or fair hair (*rutilis comæ*), and blue eyes. Cæsar and Strabo likewise regard the Germans as a xanthous race. And such is the childlike confidence with which we have all along assented to the doctrine that we are a German-descended people, that we have actually, in flat contradiction to conspicuous facts, pronounced ourselves a light-haired people! As Mr. Pike sarcastically observes: "Every science has indulged in its own particular vagaries, but to ethnology belongs the singular honor of having succeeded in convincing her votaries that black is white, with the white and the black before their eyes."

But the description of Tacitus will not apply to any people now existing. At present, though there are some races, as the Scandinavian, in which fair hair is preponderant, there is no race which is universally fair-haired. For the past forty centuries the race-admixture in Europe has been so great that uniformity in complexion is nowhere to be found. The Germans of to-day, though lighter-haired than the English, are by no means a decidedly fair-haired people. The prevailing tint with them is a dingy brown, neither light nor dark. And it is difficult to suppose, in the absence of convincing proof, that the complexion of the whole German people can have essentially changed in less than two thousand years. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that to the very dark-haired Romans and Greeks the Germans must have appeared quite fair; and this is doubtless the way in which the testimony of Tacitus is to be taken.

The same allowance must be made for Greek and Roman testimony to the fair hair of the Celts. Yet here we come upon firmer ground. Strabo (vii., 2) tells us positively that the Celts of Gaul had darker hair than the Germans, and (v., 2) that the Britons had still darker hair than the inhabitants of Gaul. And it is certain that the hair of the modern Celts—not only that of the French, but also that of the Irish and Gaelic Scotch—is very much darker than that of the Germans. It would appear, therefore, that, so far as the color of the hair goes, the English are to be regarded as rather Celtic than Teutonic.

It has, indeed, been suggested that, since many rural districts of England contain a lighter-haired population than that of London and other great cities, there may be something in the conditions of life in large towns which cause the hair after a few generations to darken. A single fact is sufficient to overthrow this explanation; namely, that in the town of Guildford is to be found the fairest hair in Great Britain, while the darkest is to be found in the rural Highlands of Scotland. A light-haired Highlander is indeed a *rara avis*. On the other hand, it is significant that, while in general the rural districts of England are both more Teutonic and more blond than the cities, a city like Guildford, noted for the blondness of its denizens, is situated in eastern Wessex, in a region where the Teutonic infusion must have been exceptionally large.

But although the English are not a fair-haired race, they are undoubtedly a very tall and strong race. They are certainly taller than the French, and they believe themselves, very likely with justice, to be stronger than the French. The average Englishman enters

tains no misgivings as to his ability to thrash a couple of Frenchmen; and, as he regards the Frenchman as the typical Celt, he is wont to consider his own physical prowess as peculiarly a Saxon inheritance. In this point, as in others, however, the current opinion is not sustained by facts. In height, and possibly in strength, the English are superior not only to the French, but also to the Germans and Dutch; while on the other hand they are probably in both respects somewhat inferior to the west Irish and the Scottish Highlanders. Prof. J. D. Forbes finds the average height of these Gaelic people to be about one inch greater than that of the English; while his experiments on the average muscular power of these various races lead to the following remarkable conclusion (*Pike*, p. 91):

"Strength in pounds at the age of 25, } English, Scotch, Irish, Belgians,  
according to Regnier's dynamometer. . . } 403, 423, 432, 330."

To this significant row of figures may be added the statement that the tallest and brawniest of Englishmen are none other than the inhabitants of Cumberland and Cornwall—counties which have remained Celtic until this day, and in the latter of which a dialect of Cymric was spoken down to the end of the last century. Finally, it is to be observed that if the English are taller than the French, the ancient Britons were, according to Strabo, just as noticeably taller than the Gauls.

In stature, therefore, as well as in complexion, the English agree more nearly with the Celts of Britain than with the Teutons. Still stronger evidence is furnished by the prevailing shape of their skulls.

With respect to their skulls, races are said to be either brachycephalic or dolichocephalic. The former have short and broad heads, with round faces. The latter have comparatively long and narrow heads, with oval faces. In the short skull the extreme length does not exceed the extreme breadth by a greater proportion than 100 to 80; while in the long skull this ratio may rise as high as 100:67, or even still higher. The extreme phase of dolichocephalism is to be found among the negroes; while the Calmucks will serve as an instance of an excessively brachycephalic people. The more highly-developed heads of the Aryan races of Europe are neither so long as those of the Africans nor so short as those of the Mongols, but are in the main of a symmetrically rounded form, varying however in different races, now toward a brachycephalic, now toward a dolichocephalic shape.

Now among European people, the Germans are distinguished as brachycephalic. The broad heads, broad round faces, large cheeks, somewhat flat-looking profiles of the Germans whom we encounter daily in the streets, are sufficiently conspicuous to every one. Any hatter can testify that he sets his hats rounder for Germans than for his other customers. And a similarly-shaped head—not quite so short and broad, but still decidedly brachycephalic—belongs to the other members of the Teutonic race, to the Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes.

On the other hand, the Cymric skull, though presenting considerable variety, is still in the main quite notably dolichocephalic. While in the typical German skull the ratio of breadth to length is very nearly 80:100, in the typical Cymric skull it is rather less than 77:100. This long skull is to be found at the present day in all parts of Wales; "and in South Wales it is the prevailing type" (*Pike*, p. 164). Though in the ancient burying-places of Britain both kinds of skull are to be found—a fact which combines with many others to indicate a race-admixture, perhaps of Celts with Iberians, before the dawn of history—there is still no doubt that the dolichocephalic type is predominant. And Cymric skulls taken from ancient sepulchres in Denmark and Sweden present the same configuration.

Now if the English are mainly a Teutonic race, the typical English skull of the present day should certainly be short and broad, like the skulls of Germans, Danes, and Dutchmen. And if among the skulls of recent British graveyards either type exists in relatively greater numbers than among the skulls of ancient barrows, that type should be, according to the popular theory, the brachycephalic. What, then, are the facts? They are, first, that the ordinary English skull is long and narrow, like the skulls of the Welsh and other Cymry; and that usually, whenever the English skull varies from this ordinary shape, it becomes, not shorter and broader, but still longer and narrower—not more Teutonic, but more decidedly Cymric. Even a hasty glance at a crowd of people of these various races would suffice to impress upon the observer the fact that, in the shape of the head and face, the English are almost precisely like the Welsh, that they are not

very widely different from the Gaelic Highlanders and Irish, that even between them and the Gaelic French there is still some resemblance, but that from the Germans and Danes they are distinguished by a sharp opposition and contrast. Secondly, instead of the short-headed type having relatively increased in British graveyards, it has relatively diminished. So far as there has been any extirpation of one variety by the other, it has been the long-heads which have extirpated the short-heads. Let us cite from Mr. Pike. In Wiltshire "the majority of the skulls are long, but instances of short skulls found in round barrows are not wanting. It is clear, then, that if a short-headed race extirpated or partially extirpated a long-headed race in that county, the present inhabitants of Wiltshire should be short-headed, especially as we must suppose that there has been a fresh admixture of short-headed Germans. But what are the facts? Wiltshire produces, on the average, *the longest heads found in any part of Europe.*"

Finally, it must be noted that here, as in the other sections of the argument, the exceptions prove the rule. There are in some parts of England a brachycephalic population. In just those districts of the east side of the island where the historical evidence led us to infer the presence of a large Teutonic element, and where the people are lighter-haired, shorter, and more thick-set than the average Englishman—just there it is that the short-heads are relatively most numerous.

Thus physiology confirms the testimony of history, and tells us that, though certain portions of England have been deeply Teutonized, the dominant physical characteristics of the people as a whole are unmistakably Celtic. Let us next see what philology has to say on this subject.

### JEROME PARK.

HISTORIANS have failed to discover the origin of horse-racing. Those who have written about the noble animal, have either devoted themselves to describing his characteristics and achievements, or to a study of his pedigree and anatomy; and have not, in a single instance to our knowledge, sought to trace out the history of their favorite sport. Some of the grandest lines in Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, are in admiration and praise of the horse and his performances; and so many of the great men of the old world, as well as of the new, have prided themselves on their horses, that it would take considerable space to name even those who come to mind at the moment. Plutarch and Pliny are at evident pains to ascertain the enormous price Philip paid for Bucephalus, for his son Alexander. The thorough-bred has always been costly. It is not out of place here, to state that Bellerophon receives the credit for being the first to mount the horse; Pelethronius the first to bridle him, and Erichthonius the first to harness him. There is abundant reason to suppose that horse-racing was first recognized as legitimate sport at the Olympic Games. Pindar alludes to the races as one of the pleasantest features of the entertainment.

Biblical scholars need not be told that but little mention is made of the horse in the Holy Book. The extended use of horses was interdicted in Scripture; \* for which an able commentator assigns three reasons: "First, lest God's favored people should be led to idolatry by carrying on commerce with Egypt; secondly, by their dependence on a well-appointed cavalry, they might cease to trust in the promised aid of Jehovah; and, thirdly, that they might not be tempted to extend their dominion by such means, and then, by mixing with idolatrous nations, cease in time to be that distinct and separate people which it was His intention they should be." "In the Book of Psalms," the same writer observes, "the horse commonly appears on the side of the enemies of God's people;" and he mentions the fact that, when the Israelites defeated the Philistines, the horses captured were at once slain by order of David. Many historians assert that the horse is a native of Arabia; but a reference to the Sacred Writings—the history of the earliest ages of the world—proves that horses were

known in Egypt long before they were introduced into Arabia; and there is good authority for stating that the Grecians and the Romans obtained theirs from the former country.

The other day we picked up a paper—we are under the impression it was a *Herald*—and found telegraphic accounts of races at Alexandria (Egypt), on the historic Epsom Downs, at Paris, and at New Orleans. Englishmen have been fond of horse-racing for centuries, and it is to-day more to be considered their national sport than even the traditional game of cricket. James I. manifested a great love for the sport, and imported Arab horses, and encouraged racing in various ways; and at the restoration Charles II. reawakened an interest in equestrian contests by an importation of Barbs and Turks. It may be safely asserted that horse-racing commenced in this country with the gay adventurers who landed on the James River, and not with the religious zealots who came over in the Mayflower. Horses arrived in Jamestown, Virginia, from England, as early as 1609. In 1625 a ship-load of horses was sent to New York from Holland by the fur company. It was not until 1629 that the New-Englanders received similar favors from their friends across the ocean. The first regular race-course in this country was the Newmarket course, near Petersburg, Virginia. A prominent writer on the turf has discovered in old documents mention of horse-racing in Virginia five years before Braddock's defeat (which every schoolboy knows was in 1755). Frequent mention is made in colonial records of trials of speed between the horses of the officers of the British army; and evidently regularly-organized races were run. Turf authorities do not agree whether racing commenced in this country in Maryland or Virginia, both of which have long been famous for their blood-horses. Six of the governors of Maryland have been conspicuous for their partiality to the sport, although it must not be forgotten that the first track was prepared in Virginia. From Maryland and Virginia the popularity of the sport extended southward; and the Washington course, near Charleston, South Carolina, was the second track prepared in this country. The sturdy, steady, slow and sure worthies who peopled New Amsterdam prized the horse for his service in the shaft, and it was not until many years after horse-racing was a favorite sport in the southern country that it was introduced here. But nowhere is horse-racing, and especially trotting more popular at present than in this State. For a number of years many of the most brilliant and successful meetings of the season were held, in this vicinity, on the famous courses on Long Island. These meetings were the occasion of a general assembling of turf celebrities from all parts of the country. A series of "Hippodrome" trots, however, at a later day, caused respectable turf-men, who love the sport for its pleasures, and not for its gains, to shun these tracks; and until the opening of Jerome Park, and the organization of the American Jockey Club, there was little interest manifested in the sport by the upper classes. The fashionable and *distingué* attendance at the meetings of the American Jockey Club, augur a brilliant future for the lovers of running races in this vicinity.

To the munificent liberality and characteristic enterprise of Mr. Leonard W. Jerome is New York indebted for the grand racing-park which appropriately bears his name. It may not be generally known that this track was purchased and prepared entirely at Mr. Jerome's expense. The original cost has been estimated at between two hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred thousand dollars. The land was formerly a part of the Bathgate estate, on the Kingsbridge road, near Fordham, Westchester County; and the old manor house, still standing, is hard by. Two hundred and thirty acres are enclosed by a high picket-fence. The track, exactly a mile, is somewhat like the figure eight, or the shape of a lima-bean, with the head resting against the foot of the bluff on which the Club-house is erected, and the body stretching round boldly before the Grand Stand, immediately opposite the Club-house. As seen in the cartoon accompanying this number of the *JOURNAL*, the track

\* Deuteronomy, chap. xviii., v. 16.

only occupies a portion of the park. A magnificent lawn covering many acres leads up to the Club-house from the club entrance. The Observatory is hidden by the Club-house, which is probably the finest edifice of the kind in the country. A grand view of the surrounding country is to be obtained from the Observatory. When the Chinese embassy were entertained at the Club-house by Mr. Jerome, the Observatory was the chief point of interest; and the strangely-attired guests found great amusement in running up and down the circular stairway. One of them, the philosopher probably, remarked that much time and trouble might be saved by a visit to the Observatory, as then every thing could be seen at once in a glance. The noble bluff stretches away from the track, which is partially surrounded by high ground, as on the other side an expansive hill runs back from the Grand Stand. The Grand Stand, so called in contradistinction to the Public Stand, discovered in the cartoon at its upper end, is four hundred and fifty feet long, and will accommodate eight thousand persons. The broad avenue, now making from Central Bridge over the Harlem River, leads up to the main entrance, which is seen on the extreme right. The buildings in the distance between the Club-house and Grand Stand are the stables, and there is also here a half-mile exercising track.

Shortly after the inaugural meeting in September, 1866, Mr. Jerome leased the park to the "American Jockey Club," organized in April of that year. During the past year he disposed of the grounds to the "Jerome Park Villa and Site Improvement Company," subject, of course, to the lease of the "American Jockey Club."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, the successor of Faraday in the chair of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, was born in the village of Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, in 1820. He is descended from the old English family of Tyndales, some members of which emigrated, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to Ireland, on the eastern or Saxon fringe of which a few of their descendants are still scattered.

The father of Professor Tyndall was a man in lowly circumstances, but of marked character, in which intellectual power and personal courage, combined with delicacy of mind and feeling, were distinguished traits. From his forefathers he inherited a taste for religious controversy, as far as related to the Churches of Rome and England; and thus the earliest intellectual discipline of his son consisted in exercises on the doctrines of infallibility, purgatory, and transubstantiation, while his early text-books were the theological works of Tyndale, Chillingworth, and Tillotson. By the silent operation of his character—by example as well as by precept—this remarkable man inspired the intellect of his boy, and taught him to love, above all things, a life of manly independence. He died in May, 1847, quoting to his son, a little before his death, the words of Wolsey to Cromwell—"Be just, and fear nothing."

Of his early education, received at a school in his native village, nothing is noteworthy, except that he there cultivated and acquired a taste for mathematics, and especially pure geometry. In 1839, Mr. Tyndall quitted school to join the branch of the Ordnance Survey which was stationed in his native town, in the capacity of "civil assistant." He quickly acquired a practical knowledge of the business, becoming in turn draughtsman, computer, surveyor, and trigonometrical observer.

A simple circumstance, which occurred to Mr. Tyndall in 1841, formed a turning-point in his career. While stationed at Cork, he worked at mapping in the same room with an intelligent gentleman, Mr. Lawrence Ivers, who became interested in his companion's work. One day, he asked Tyndall how his

leisure hours were employed, and, the answer not being quite satisfactory, he rejoined: "You have five hours a day at your disposal, and this time ought to be devoted to systematic study. Had I," he continued, "when I was your age, had a friend to advise me as I now advise you, instead of being in my present subordinate position, I should be the equal of Colby" (Director of the Survey). Next morning, Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years never swerved from the practice.

In 1844, seeing no definite prospect before him, Mr. Tyndall resolved to come to America, some members of his father's family having emigrated to this country in the early part of the present century. He was, however, dissuaded from this, and, turning his attention to railway engineering, he was engaged by a firm in Manchester. In 1845—the period of the "railway mania"—in the Yorkshire office of the company, he first met Mr. T. A. Hirst, an articled pupil, who became one of his most intimate friends, and is now professor of mathematics in University College, London.

Thus five years were spent on the Ordnance Survey, and three on railroads. His character, at this period, is thus described by one who knew him well:

"Extreme caution and accuracy, together with dauntless perseverance under difficulties, characterized then, as now, the performance of every piece of work he took in hand. Habitually, indeed, he pushed verification beyond the limits of all ordinary prudence, and, on returning from a hard day's work, he has been known to retrace his steps for miles, in order to assure himself of the security of some 'bench-mark,' upon whose permanence the accuracy of his levels depended. Previous to one of those unpostponable thirtieths of November, when all railway plans and sections had to be deposited at the Board of Works, a series of levels had to be completed near Keithly, in Yorkshire, and Manchester reached before midnight. The day was stormy beyond description; levelling-staves snapped in twain before the violent gusts of wind; and level and leveller were in constant peril of being overturned by the force of the hurricane. Assistants grumbled 'impossible,' and were only shamed into submissive persistence by that stern resolution which, before night-fall, triumphed over all obstacles."

In 1847, he accepted an appointment as teacher at Queenwood College, in Hampshire, a new institution, devoted partly to junior instruction, and partly to the preliminary technical education of agriculturists and engineers. It was surrounded by eight hundred acres of land, upon which, besides farming, surveying, levelling, and other engineering operations were to be practically taught. Professor Tyndall here developed remarkable tact and resources in the management of insubordinate students, declining all harsh expedients, and depending for influence upon pure force of character. In the laboratory of this institution, he found Mr. Frankland, now the distinguished professor in the Royal School of Chemistry, in London. Desirous of pursuing their scientific studies under more favorable circumstances, the two friends left England together in 1848, and repaired to the University of Marburg to study under the celebrated chemist and physicist Bunsen. Professor Tyndall attended his lectures, and worked in his laboratory. He also attended the physical lectures of Professors Gerling and Knoblauch, and the mathematical lectures of Stegmann. His first scientific paper was prepared here, and was a mathematical essay on "Screw Surfaces." But the investigation which first made him known to the scientific world was one "On the Magneto-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement."

In 1851, Professor Tyndall went to Berlin, and continued his researches on the newly-discovered force of diamagnetism, and on the magnetic properties of crystals, in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. After making the acquaintance and securing the friendship of many eminent men in Berlin, he re-



turned to London, where, during the same year, he first became personally known to Professor Faraday. He became a member of the Royal Society in 1852, lectured first before the Royal Institution in February, 1853, and was elected professor of natural philosophy to that establishment in June of the same year.

The first three years of Mr. Tyndall's residence in London were devoted to an exhaustive investigation of diamagnetic polarity, and the general phenomena of the diamagnetic force—magne-crystalline action included. In the *Philosophical Transactions* and *Philosophical Magazine* he published various memoirs on these subjects, all of which were received with favor by the scientific world.

Professor Tyndall's first excursion to Switzerland was made in 1849, for the sole purpose of healthful relaxation and exercise. In 1856, he went to the Alps, in company with his friend, Professor Huxley, to test the application of certain views regarding the cleavage of slate-rocks to the structure of glacial ice. In 1857, Professor Tyndall spent nearly six weeks at the Montanvert, and, assisted by Professor Hirst, made a complete investigation of the *Mer de Glace* and its tributaries. This investigation necessitated many perilous expeditions, all of which are described in the narrative portion of his book "On the Glaciers of the Alps," published in 1860. The year 1857 was devoted to the detailed investigation of a single glacier; but, in 1858, wishing to render his knowledge more varied and general, Professor Tyndall visited almost all the great glaciers of the Alps.

For several succeeding years, Professor Tyndall returned regularly to Switzerland, reviving his health, and gratifying his love of adventure by scaling the most formidable of the Alpine obelisks.

The scientific researches for which Professor Tyndall is chiefly distinguished relate to the molecular constitution of matter. Beginning with his magneto-optical and diamagnetic investigations, he has pursued this train of inquiry into the field of the radiant forces, with the most interesting results. His researches on the relations of radiant heat to the constitution of vapors are embodied in his able work entitled "Heat as a Mode of Motion," published in 1863, and have subsequently been still further and very brilliantly pursued.

As a thinker, Professor Tyndall's position is a unique and commanding one. He is not only thoroughly disciplined in the

methods of science, a consummate and indefatigable experimenter, full of new devices, both for the exploration and the illustration of phenomena, but he is also a man of enlarged and independent views, to which his high scientific position gives weight and force with the public. As it is more and more perceived that the mind in all its modes of movement is one, and that its scientific action is its most perfect action, the opinions of men of thorough scientific culture upon all questions involving truth and error, will meet with constantly-increasing consideration. This is shown in the general interest that is taken in whatever Professor Tyndall has to say to the public, and whatever the subject upon which he speaks. Of his character as a writer, it is perhaps superfluous to speak; but it may be remarked that the same extraordinary power of vivid

imagination which he carries into his experimental researches, and which is tasked to its highest in grasping the conception of complex molecular phenomena, is equally manifested in those bold and striking images with which he enriches his descriptions and narrations. Professor Tyndall is also a man of quick and ardent feeling, which constantly kindles his intellect into poetic action. His is the rare gift to give us the poetry of science without impairing the quality of science itself. As a lecturer, Professor Tyndall is vigorous, racy, and impressive. Although neither fluent nor eloquent in the current rhetorical sense, he carries his audience completely with him by the clearness and freshness of his expositions and the brilliancy and boldness of his illustrations. Of a highly-vitalized and restless tempera-



JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S.

ment, and a wiry, elastic physique, which is superbly adapted to Alpine climbing, his movements upon the platform are rapid and decisive, and hardly conform to those ideal curves of grace which are so prized in declamatory art. But, of his characteristics in this respect, we need not speak, as he has pledged himself to come to this country and lecture, when the public will be able to judge for themselves. Socially, Professor Tyndall is free, genial, and interesting—a man of the world, at home in all relations, and, although a favorite of the ladies, is still a bachelor. In a late letter to the *Tribune*, Mr. George Ripley gives us the following excellent sketch of this eminent scientist:

"Professor Tyndall has all the ardor of a reformer, without any tendency to vague and rash speculations. Recognizing whatever is valuable in the researches of a former age, he extends a gracious hos-

pitality to new suggestions. With a noble pride in his favorite branches of inquiry, he is not restricted to an exclusive range of research, but extends his intellectual vision over a wide field of observation. The English, as a rule, are inclined to be suspicious of a man who ventures beyond a special walk in the pursuit of knowledge. They have but little sympathy with the catholic taste which embraces a variety of objects, and is equally at home in the researches of science, the speculations of philosophy, the delights of poetry, and the graces of elegant literature. But a signal exception to this trait is presented by Professor Tyndall. His mind is singularly comprehensive in its tendencies, and betrays a versatility of aptitude, and a reach of cultivation, which are rarely found in union with conspicuous eminence in purely scientific pursuits. In his own especial domain, his reputation is fixed. His expositions of the theory of heat and light and sound, and of some of the more interesting Alpine phenomena, are acknowledged to be masterpieces of popular statement, to which few parallels can be found in the records of modern science. But, in addition to this, he possesses a rare power of eloquence and manifold attainments in different departments of learning. I do not know that he has ever written poetry, but he is certainly a poet in the fire of his imagination and in his love for all the forms of natural beauty. Nor has he disdained to make himself familiar with the leading metaphysical theories of the past age, in spite of the disrepute and comparative obscurity into which that science has been thrown by the brilliant achievements of physical research. I noticed with pleasure, in his conversation, his allusions to Fichte, Goethe, R. W. Emerson, Henry Heine, and other superior lights of the literary world, showing an appreciation of their writings, which could only have been the fruit of familiar personal studies. Besides the impression produced on a stranger by his genius and learning, I may be permitted to say, that I have met with few men of more attractive manners. His mental activity gives an air of intensity to his expression, though without a trace of vehemence, or an eager passion for utterance. In his movements, he is singularly alert, gliding through the streets with the rapidity and noiselessness of an arrow, paying little attention to external objects, and, if you are his companion, requiring, on your part, a nimble step and a watchful eye not to lose sight of him. Though overflowing with thought, which streams from his brain as from a capacious reservoir, while his words 'trip around as airy servitors,' he is one of the best of listeners, never assuming an undue share of the talk, and lending an attentive and patient ear to the common currency of conversation, without demanding of men the language of the gods. The singular kindness of his bearing, I am sure, must proceed from a kind and generous heart. With no pretence of sympathy, and no uncalled-for demonstrations of interest, his name will certainly be set down by the recording angel as 'one who loves his fellow-men.'

#### A LOST CHANCE FOR ART.

LAST week, we laid before our readers a brief outline of the late Mr. Keep's project, nipped in the bud by his untimely death. We now resume the subject, desirous to suggest a few hints that may be useful, in the event of any person or persons following up Mr. Keep's idea.

As already stated, it was that philanthropist's design to expend a million of dollars in furtherance of his plan. In round numbers, he estimated that the ground would cost one-fourth of the amount, and that the edifice would absorb three-fourths; in other words, Mr. Keep contemplated presenting to his fellow-citizens a magnificent, but empty, receptacle for paintings and statuary, under the impression that wealthy and noble-spirited amateurs would immediately hasten forward to fill it. Now, generous as was his own intention, it surely involved an error of judgment. Such a building might be stately and massive, and an architectural delight to the eye; but its acres of bare walls and floors would be apt to remain long uncovered. For, who would lead off? Who would head the anticipated list of contributors? Who would venture first to bestow any thing, worth acceptance, upon a space so vast and forlorn? At best, after much weary waiting, such a void would run the risk of becoming a mere refuge for the destitute, whereto the weedings of private galleries might find their way, and

wherein Art would be dishonored. There would, we say, be imminent chance of failure, if a grand Art-repository were erected, and nothing were done at the same time toward forming within it the nucleus of a collection. But can this be accomplished? Can the two objects be attained, even in a measure, by outlay of the sum above named alone? These questions are natural; yet they admit of satisfactory answers, if it be remembered that the entertainment and benefit of the untravelled many are the aims in view—not the idle gratification of the more favored few, who have sated or may sate themselves amid the art-wonders of the Old World. The Museum that rises before our mind's eye, and that rose before Mr. Keep's, is essentially a democratic institution.

Given, then, a million of dollars; how can they be turned to good account? Mr. Keep's proposed disposal of them we have stigmatized as a mistake. A commanding site and a sumptuous structure are not requisite. The Astor Library is none the less a public boon and ornament, because it does not front on Broadway or the Fifth Avenue, and is built of brick, not of stone or marble. Half, or certainly two-thirds of a million ought to provide an edifice, conveniently placed, of ample dimensions, and in all respects suitable. For, not only might there be an immense saving so far as regards locality and material—portions of the interior might be left unfinished in the first instance, without detracting from the general effect. Several hundreds of thousands of dollars would thus be left for the purchase of works of art—not enough, it is true, to procure many original masterpieces, ancient or modern, were many or any such in the market, but quite enough, if judiciously disbursed, for an attractive beginning in the effort to fill a gap. We know very well how "copies" are associated with certain ghastly reminiscences, that deface the parlors of not a few tourists returned from their travels. Nevertheless, great pictures are sometimes copied so skillfully and so perfectly, that it is hard to discriminate between the imitation and the original. It is possible, we mean, to obtain very faithful and very beautiful reproductions, at moderate expense, if taste, experience, leisure, and money be employed to this end. As for sculpture, a process has been invented and applied, by which absolute fac-similes are wrought out of marble. Thus, in either branch, there are facilities for showing, here and now, what genius has done for Art in other times and places. Nor would it be needful or desirable to follow slavishly any set canons in the selection of subjects, or to reproduce merely, or in the main, what is familiar through other sources. Europe abounds in unhackneyed gems, that well merit being duplicated. To them, after this fashion, would we see devoted a portion of the available gift. There would still be something left for well-culled specimens of existing schools, not forgetting our own native American. The auction-marts and sales-rooms of Paris, the Hague, Vienna, Munich, Madrid, Brussels, and London, might be searched, for a season or two, with good results. Here a finely-chiselled bronze might also be picked up; there a rare bit of carving in ivory. Nothing that was artistic and unique would come amiss, variety being indispensable. Only, it should be distinctly understood that every purchase must be made with reference to its destined wall or niche. To gather together a heterogeneous mass of objects, in ignorance of their ultimate disposition, is almost as serious a mistake as to erect a vast museum, in all uncertainty as to means of filling it. To blend and arrange is an art in itself.

Much more might be said; but we must limit ourselves to a very few further words concerning the probability of subsequent and continued donations, if such an institute were successfully set on foot. We have supposed liberality turning aside from dreariness and vacancy. But there is a mode of inviting, even of tempting donors. For the most part, being human, they do not care to hide their lights under bushels. Few men would be found offering additions, if these were to be huddled up in the general display. Rooms of varying size, including

some of very small dimensions, should therefore belaid out and reserved for the separate and respective use of munificent contributors. Thus each, as he came forward with full hands, might stock his own compartment, as it were, according to his own peculiar preference or fancy—always provided that the offerings were of sufficient excellence and of such character as to warrant their admission within the walls, and sufficient in amount to justify such an appropriation of space. In that case, there would be no objection to blazoning conspicuously over the door: "The Contents of this Room are the Gift of Mr. —." Do you necessarily associate huge halls and endless galleries with your visions of an Art-Institute? Remember in how small and unadorned a chamber the Belvedere Apollo receives his worshippers. Recollect in how few steps you have traversed the Tribune at Florence. Other arguments, and more detail, might be added, but perhaps we are counting our chickens too soon. The coming man, to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Keep, is yet to be announced.

### VENTILATION AND ARCHITECTURE.

ONE of the obstacles, and by no means the least, to the general introduction of ventilation, is the reluctance of architects to include this feature in their designs. In this respect, the subject of ventilation is having a similar history to that of heating. The heating arrangements of the ancients were of a very indifferent sort. Their fires were made upon braziers; the panels of the rooms were painted black, to prevent the discoloration of smoke, and they mixed perfumes with the burning substances, to cover the disagreeable odor. They had no chimneys to their buildings, public or private. Ancient architecture rose to perfection in the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman styles, without this appendage, and thus it descended to the moderns. Six hundred years ago, chimneys were invented, but architecture would not recognize them. Were not chimneys an unsightly innovation; an impeachment of classic perfection? And so common sense and common necessity had a fight with the prejudices of architects, which lasted two hundred years. They would not design houses with chimneys, and so these indispensable contrivances had to be erected as appendages and attached to the outsides of buildings. At length, however, utility triumphed over tradition, and the architect, in planning a building, introduces chimneys as a matter of course.

But, it has latterly been discovered, that one of the most important things for human health and life is purity of air, which requires to be abundantly supplied from without to those who live in houses. It follows that the dwellings we occupy ought to be designed and constructed with reference to a copious and regulated supply of this first necessity of life. We have found, in regard to breathing, what six hundred years ago was found with reference to heating, that provision ought to be made for it in the first planning of the edifice. But architects are still reluctant to recognize this necessity, and, unless driven to it, will not design in accordance with it. *Æsthetic* traditions still exclude the useful and the practical, and in too many cases ventilation is an after-thought—an appendage—a matter of removing panes, opening doors and windows, knocking out holes, and inserting tin tubes. We are now writing in sight of a large edifice, of ambitious architectural pretensions, devoted to education, in the whole construction of which there was no more provision for the exchange of air than if ventilation had never been heard of. And when it came to suffocating the boys in the basement, the teacher revolted, and they had to rip the building open, from bottom to top, to establish breathing-passages and save the children's lives. Ideas change slowly, and we have no doubt that, in the course of five or six hundred years, the architectural mind will be so modified and adapted that it will attend to ventilation spontaneously, quite as a matter of course, and the ventiduct, like the chimney, will be installed as an architectural necessity.

### EDUCATION IN UNTRUTHFULNESS.

WE showed last week that, for the lying habits of people, Nature is not to be held responsible; but that they are chargeable to education. Not that formal lessons are given in the nursery and school-room inculcating the practice of falsehood, or prizes offered for those who get the highest place in the lying class. This is not at all the way it is done. That is a very shallow notion of education which looks upon it merely as a matter of lesson-learning and class-exercises. Education is a drawing out of the activities—a shaping of character and all the agencies which contribute to these effects are properly educational.

We pointed out, in the previous article, that Nature is our first teacher, and that her educational policy is one of strict truth, and her discipline a discipline of veracity. But, when Nature resigns the charge, and art steps in to assume it, there is a change of plan. There can be no doubt that it is the first duty of mother and teacher to inform themselves concerning Nature's method of instruction, and to conform their own course to it, or to carry out the intellectual and moral work that has been so well begun. But, so far from this, when the child crosses the threshold of the school-room, it actually takes leave of the world without, as an object of thought, and is ushered into a world of purely artificial experiences. Hitherto it has dealt with things themselves by the immediate action of the senses; it now enters a world of symbols. But, instead of pursuing Nature's plan and still keeping the child's mind in close communion with the verities around it, the first thing it is taught is, how to get away from these realities by which its mind has been hitherto developed, and substitute something else for them. The transition from things to words is the critical event in the individual's mental life. As words are the signs of ideas, and ideas the signs of things, in passing to the study of words, the child makes two removes from the facts of Nature, and, at both removes, the gates are opened to floods of error. It is an unhealthy and an unsafe thing for the mind to busy itself with thought alone, without constant reference to the things thought about, for the revision and correction of ideas. And it is a still more unsafe and dangerous proceeding to occupy the mind with words to the neglect of the things for which they stand; and the peril here is moral as well as intellectual. The only way to preserve the mental rectitude and the unimpaired allegiance to truth is, to keep the mind face to face with facts—to teach it to observe for itself—to know that its thought corresponds with reality, and this course becomes a hundredfold more necessary where a child is mentally detached from the objects of its familiar experience and passed into the shadowy region of verbal symbols. And more especially will this proceeding be hazardous if the teacher, ignorant of Nature, neglects and discredits her method, and shares the common superstition that education begins with the study of books at school. Let us glance at the early school policy as a discipline of truth.

The first acquisition made, upon the advent of the teacher, is to associate twenty-six sounds with twenty-six marks called letters. Let it be noted that we here enter a field that is perfectly arbitrary, and where reason, the very object of which is to trace the truth of relations, is not exercised. There can be no reason given why this mark stands for a particular sound instead of another. The next step is to combine the sounds into spoken words and the letters into written words which stand for them. There is now want of agreement, and here the child takes its first regular lesson in misrepresentation, and begins to be taught untruth. The elementary sounds do not by combination produce the sounds they are said to produce; the written words do not correspond with the uttered words. The things said to be true are not true. Reason rebels at the proceeding, and so reason is displaced and authority set up in its stead. The



teacher is the oracle, things are declared to be so-and-so, and no impertinent whys or wherefores are tolerated. The child is thus taken out of a sphere in which its reason has been developed by experience of the agreement and truth of things, and turned into a tangled wilderness of contradiction and falsehood. It is not to inquire, or observe, or learn to sift evidence, or cultivate its independent judgment upon things that are brought before it, but it is simply to load down its memory with arbitrary and dogmatic statements which violate its sense of truthfulness at every step. The use of language, of course, we cannot forego; and the discords of language we cannot help. Children must acquire it—anomalies, absurdities, contradictions, and all, but the necessities of the case do not neutralize its mischievous tendencies. The exclusive study of language in the way it is commonly studied, as it affords no adequate culture of the truth-seeking faculties, cannot fail to be demoralizing. We charge that to divorce a child from familiar communion with Nature and the study of realities, and to absorb its life in the study of verbal semblances—to exercise it upon the rubbish of Babel rather than upon the order of the living world, is *fundamentally immoral*. Involving a neglect of those powers and processes by which truth is sought and known, failing to cultivate the feelings of love and reverence for it, and forming the mental habits, as it does, by perpetual exercises upon disagreements, discordances, and arbitrary statements, it graduates the young by an easy transition into moods of carelessness in regard to truth, tolerance of inconsistency, laxity of thinking and expression, exaggeration and misrepresentation, which are but milestones on the road to ultimate, outright mendacity. If lying is the universal habit, this is the universal culture; and, without saying that it affords a full explanation of the result, we will say that a mode of teaching the young, in which the observing, inquiring, and verifying elements of the mind are neglected, cannot fail to tend in this direction; and, in this point of view, scientific education has a high moral claim.

But, if the tendencies of their studies are insufficient to explain the development of lying propensities, these are abundantly reinforced by other parts of children's education. It is not too much to say that they are habitually tempted to falsehood by the way they are governed; in fact, the discipline of children is generally equivalent to a premium on lying. In common with the whole sentient world, they dread pain, and seek to evade it. Their custodians utilize this fear to regulate their conduct. Such and such actions they are told will bring down the rod, and, as that is something to be avoided, the instinct of escaping pain prompts the child to resort to the efficient resources of evasion and falsehood. He lies and escapes; not that he wished to lie, but that he did not wish to be flogged. What could better cultivate the habit than to make it the child's palpable and immediate interest to lie? The common system of punishments is so admirably suited to make children untruthful, that it always succeeds, and, where carried out most rigorously, it turns out the most cultivated liars. The appeal to the rod is the tacit abandonment of other influences and the resort to brute force. It is like the failure of negotiations and the appeal to cannon. It is a state of war, and, as all is fair in war, love, diplomacy, and politics, the child has abundant precedents for its course. Being the weaker power, it cannot fight, and is hence driven to strategy. It meets brutality by deception. As regards government, civil or social, lying will always follow the appeal to a low grade of motives. With the development of the higher feelings of honor and self-respect, and making discipline an affair of self-government rather than of external coercion, the occasions of falsehood and the strongest temptations to it, are taken away, and education in this respect ceases to be a development of the lying propensities.

Corporal punishment is happily being much abandoned; and, as we thus get rid of a powerful incentive to falsehood, a prime benefit of the change will be increasing truthfulness of character.

Again, children are imitative, and learn far more by example than by precept. This is a law of mental action, which may be turned either to evil or good. If they observe in their elders a strict regard to truth, a corresponding feeling will arise in their own minds; and, if they see indirection, reservation, and prevarication, they will incline to imitate these. And what are the displays to which they are too generally accustomed? Are openness and truthfulness obvious characteristics of nurses, servants, teachers, and parents, in their intercourse with children? Are their statements to be always trusted? Do they say the same things to people and *about* people? Do they carry out all their threatenings? Do they perform all their promises? Are not children, indeed, the frequent victims of petty tricks, circumvention, double-dealing, and a selfish policy on the part of their care-takers, to avoid trouble, in which candor and transparency are not conspicuous? With misrepresentation going on all around them and practised upon them, it is not easy to see how they can avoid learning to misrepresent.

We may deduce a wholesome lesson by putting these two facts together: that grown people are imperfect—very imperfect—and that children are not fools. They are commanded to be truthful, and threatened with castigation in this world and perdition in the next, if they "tell stories." But what is the comment of public practice upon these high-toned moral requisitions of grown people upon children? It is that society is saturated with imposture and falsehood in all the ramifications of its life. Of the overreaching, cheating, frauds, adulteration, false weights, swindling, corruption, defalcation, and the endless treacheries of human intercourse, is it supposed that children never hear any thing? Are not these things the staple of conversation, the burden of sermons, and blazed incessantly through all the newspapers? Nay more, has it not come to be pretty well accepted in pretty wide circles that humbug—a *certain amount of humbug*—is necessary to success in life? And children, as well as grown people, understand that the essence of humbug is lying.

There is one sphere of human activity, and that the most pervading and all-inclusive, which, as everybody knows, is given over to guile, insincerity, and lies, and that is the sphere of politics. The term "politician" has become the synonyme of all that is unscrupulous, tricky, and slippery. In politics, one-half the community is squarely opposed to the other half; this, it is agreed, must always be the case, and it therefore becomes a recognized partisan duty for each side to deny all that the other affirms. Democracy charges republicanism with being rotten with falsehood; and republicanism charges democracy with being leprous with lies. Discounting hyperbole, there remains a shameful amount of truth in both statements. Is it supposed that this wide-spread mendacity, which is the inevitable incident of partisanship, is without influence upon the young? And if, peradventure, the mothers of children should decide to migrate from their present sphere, and take up their abode in this refuge of lies, who will claim that *this* would be without effect upon juvenile character?

#### TABLE-TALK.

TWO of our theatres have again made the vain attempt to satisfactorily revive the comedies of Shakespeare. That the unmatched and unmatched Viola and Rosalind and Beatrice and Miranda of Shakespeare must be lost forever to the stage, simply because the art to personate them has, in our latest dramatic dispensation, gone off into thin air—evaporated like other delicate and subtle essences—is a fact for which the lover of pure comedy can find no consolation. The weak and incapable mockeries of these characters that are occasionally offered him, are only exasperating, not so much by their inadequate art, as by the natural depreciation of the characters themselves which must follow in the minds of all those who do not know their rich and fairly indescribable resources of wit and sentiment. Of the two current attempts to revive the Shakespearian comedy

referred to, one is the production of "Twelfth Night," at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre; the other of "The Tempest," at the Grand Opera. In the former, Mrs. Scott-Siddons appears as Viola. It is utterly inexplicable how this lady, with such a wealth of dramatic tradition for her inheritance, should so completely fail to catch the spirit and tone of this most delicious creation of Shakespeare. It is almost twenty-five years ago since we first heard Mrs. Charles Kean read that famous passage—

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm I' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek"—

and to this day the memory of it haunts our recollections like a strain of rare music. The whole scene in which this passage occurs, as spoken and acted by Mrs. Kean, became one of almost unapproachable beauty. But in the hands of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, its poetry, its meaning, the pleasant play by which sentiment just hides itself under a delicate wit, are all lost. Merely to say all this, is entirely insufficient to convey to the mind of the reader how great the difference is between a rendition that is mere bald and pointless talk, and one that affords to the spectator, as did Mrs. Kean's, an exquisite realization of a character, in which delicacy and yet wit, sentiment and yet joyousness, poetry and yet nature, unite to make a whole such as the literature of the world affords no equal, save in the one or two rival creations of its own author. It is a pity, indeed, if the world must lose these characters—if pleasure must suffer an eclipse because gayety and grace are no longer possible to art. Of "The Tempest," we can only say, that Miranda is not a difficult part intellectually to act; but it is a character more ethereal than Ariel himself, and a delicacy sufficient to the rendition must naturally be very rare at all times, and, in the particular performance at the Grand Opera, is not supplied. While these Shakespearean attempts have been made at two of our theatres, Mr. Wal-lack has produced Mr. Robertson's latest comedy, called "Progress." This play is an adaptation of "Les Ganaches," by Sardou, and is an attempt to translate into English life the conditions, ideas, and manners of French society. Of course, this is sufficient to render it a failure. It contains some very amusing characterization, but its story of an English girl, sick unto dying, because of unrequited love for an engineer, is inadmissible in a comedy of real life. As a picture of French society, its various characters and incidents might have been conceivable; but, in its present guise, its essential untruthfulness is destructive to its interest.

— Among the countless throngs who daily pass and re-pass Trinity Church, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands? No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death, appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of young readers. The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who with his regiment entered the city when the British occupied New York, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. He deserted her, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for, at a proper age was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and a true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged nineteen years." This filial duty performed, she returned to England, and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the simple name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen, within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to look through the iron railing. The last time we glanced at the slab, now almost imbedded in the ground,

we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the villains removed the plate; and other little feathered songsters were singing a requiem over her grave—near which we were gratified to observe a forget-me-not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who, in childhood, had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl.

— The colossal mystification, of which M. Michel Chasles was the dupe, relative to the authenticity of the pretended *Correspondence between Pascal and Newton*, has at last been thoroughly exploded. In vain did a number of sincere and scrupulous scholars, like M. Faugère, the director of the archives of the minister of foreign affairs, and the monograph of Pascal, affirm that not one of the letters communicated by M. Chasles reproduced Pascal's handwriting, nor that of his sister, Jacqueline. It will, no doubt, be remembered by many of the readers of the JOURNAL, that the starting point of that audacious enterprise contained a whole romance, and of a nature to give birth to no little excitement and curiosity in the world of science. What think you? Pascal had discovered the law of universal gravitation; he had communicated his ideas to Newton, and the celebrated English geometrician appropriated them in the most unscrupulous manner imaginable! The natural consequence of such an important discovery was (or might have been) the humiliation of England before France, the vindication of the national glory of the latter, the triumph of patriotism, and an old scientific Waterloo refought and won! Such were the sentiments, at once generous and laudable, suggested by a machiavellic intrigue which fascinated M. Chasles, and eventually succeeded in drawing him into its meshes. It is necessary to observe, for the purpose of showing still more clearly the absurdity of this villainous mystification, that Pascal died in 1662, after six years of physical sufferings and moral torture, and that Newton was born in 1643. By comparing these two dates, we see that the imaginary correspondence of Pascal, and his still more fantastic journey to London, must have occurred between Newton's sixteenth and nineteenth year; so that all the care taken by Pascal to keep from his countrymen, his friends, and his relatives, the secret of his discovery of universal gravitation, and the profound calculations necessary to the justification of that theory, was merely for the purpose of confiding both to a foreigner and a schoolboy, who was as yet little more than a child.

— Few modern literary productions have created so much bewilderment in the world of criticism as Victor Hugo's late novel. The work is undoubtedly the creation of an erratic genius, who violates the usual literary conventions with entire impunity. If the reader has sufficient philosophy not to go into convulsions over the author's extravagances, he will find many things in it which are in the highest degree enjoyable. A correspondent in *The New-York Times* has the following judicious observation concerning it:

"Whoever does not read 'L'Homme Qui Rit' in the most catholic spirit will soon find something in it to take offence at. With some it is the jagged and abrupt style, which, from its prolonged and unbroken eccentricity, finally becomes monotonous. Others, rising a little above the style, are repulsed by diffuseness of detail, errors of fact, or something else. Of the inaccuracies whereof the author is accused, I will not speak. I am ignorant of the points involved, and have no curiosity to inquire. Mistakes like these may be pounced upon with facility, and made to appear very huge; but they by no means destroy the value of a work of art. Michael Angelo and Shakespeare have good reputations in spite of them. There is in Victor Hugo, as in Michael Angelo, a Titanic exaggeration. The book we are dealing with has grave faults of various kinds; but, compared with its virtues, they dwindle away. In speaking of it and of its author, we may again repeat, after the poet who said it first, that, where the strongest light is, there, too, is the deepest shadow.

"After the faults have been allowed their due share of attention for the dispassionate and free-minded reader, the greatness of the book remains. There is pathos and wit; but, dominant over them, the true Promethean touch. Its author is equally at home amid the fury and desolation of the elements of the darkness of the human heart. He grimly revels in evil; but he delights in good. Gwynplaine (the hero) and Ursus are good men, Homo is a good wolf, and Dea belongs to the race of angels, and her lineaments become misty and indistinguishable. Yet the enveloping atmosphere of the book is Satanic—Satanic in its good sense.

"The reader of 'L'Homme Qui Rit' must be endowed with patience. Not every part is equally interesting. Some parts—judging by my own experience—are not interesting at all. There is considerable

judicious skimming to be done. But positive skipping is precarious, lest we be left in the dark in some future chapter.

"One by one, in the commencement, the chains of the narrative are forged—now a silver one, now one of iron. We are bewildered. We cannot see the use of all the machinery he is getting together. Then, the chains are so ponderous! It seems as if each in its turn must fall and crush the forger. But they do not, for he is a master-hand. By-and-by, when they are finished, they are all brought together, and we begin to perceive the wonderful ingenuity of the whole, and to see that every link has its assigned position.

"If our daily life be assumed as the standard of Nature, this is an unnatural book. But Nature is followed, nevertheless, in her wildness and her vastness. There is a gigantic force of imagination."

— An article in a recent number of *All the Year Round*, called "The Honest Miner," gives an interesting description of this picturesque member of society in the far West. One or two of its anecdotes are worth quoting. The miner, the writer says, does not possess much religion; yet, if a clergyman by any chance comes into his camp, he makes a point of attending "meeting," on much the same principle that he would go to a dog-fight or tight-rope performance, because he looks upon it as a right thing to *patronize* the affair. At one time, there was a "revival" among the miners. Says the writer:

"Never was there such a demand for tracts. Indeed, so great was the demand, that a special appeal had to be issued by a certain religious body, whose mission it was to look after such matters, for increased contributions to the 'dear gold-diggers' tract fund.' To use the words of the 'appeal,' 'the cry comes o'er the Western wave—*more tracts, more tracts!*' At last the painful truth oozed out (though I hardly think it was related at the May meetings), that the miners used the tracts to *paper their log shanties!* A friend of mine, whose lot it was to officiate as a clergyman among them at one time, used often to tell me that he had to ring a bell in the morning, all through the apology for a street, inviting his parishioners to divine worship, and that, finding nobody in church when he came in, he first looked into one gambling-saloon or tavern, and then into another, inviting those assembled there to come to church. 'All right, parson,' would be the good-natured reply; 'we'll be there as soon as we've played out this hand for the whisks. Jest be gone! ahead with the prayers and things, and we'll be along for the preachin'!"

Anecdotes of the miner's passion for "drinks" are common, and our author appends a few. The clerical friend from whom he quotes was shocked, on his first arrival among the miners, at being asked to "stand drinks," after he had received a liberal subscription toward the building of his church. It is always a breach of etiquette not to ask all who are in a bar-room to "step up and take a drink;" and one traveller, dismounting at a tavern to take some refreshment, was amazed to see fourteen men present stepping up, and "lowed they would take sugar in thar'n." The Australian gold-digger differs in many respects, we are told, from the Californian, but evinces the same carelessness of money.

"It used to be the custom for these men to come down to some village after they had made a slight 'pile,' go each to his favorite public-house, and give the money into the landlord's hands, with the information that he 'shouted' (or asked all and sundry to drink) until it was finished. Then the landlord, at intervals, would say, 'Step up, boys; it's Jim Jenkins's shout!' Then they all wished Jim luck, until Jim's shout was out, and then he went back to his gully, proud that he had 'spent his money like a man.' On one occasion, a miner came down and handed his money over to the landlord; but, contrary to expectation, nobody would respond to his shout. He had been a convict, and 'lagged' for some offence. At last he struck upon the brilliant expedient of engaging an idler at laborer's daily wages—eight shillings—to drink with him. And so he got through his holiday!"

— An admirable variation from Wilkie's picture of the "Rent-day" is now on show at the art-repository of Mr. Schaus, in Broadway. It is an oil-painting, by Erskine Nicol, measuring about five feet six inches by four feet. Wilkie's character-piece—and there is no fitter designation for that famous picture—was English, whereas this "Paying the Rent" is Irish beyond all peradventure. And broadly, ably, artistically, is it worked out. There, grouped about the round table, are the self-important and self-complacent steward, the would-be sharp assistant, aping his superior's assumption, the tenants of various age and either sex, one doling out reluctantly his dues, another expostulating or pleading for delay. In composition, drawing, color, harmonious tone, and expressive sentiment, there is

nothing to be desired.—We commend to notice, also, in the same establishment, a brilliant though sketchy work by W. Gentz, that is, or might be, entitled "Prayer in the Desert." Kneeling or standing erect, the human portions of a caravan are at their orisons. Gentz has infused his canvas with local atmosphere; and, had he laid on his pigment with lighter hand, he would have deserved unlimited praise. But, in spite of all that may be said about "effects," there is considerable difference between paint and painting.—A Norwegian landscape, by Herzog, in Mr. Schaus's window, has arrested passers-by. Glacier, lake, mountain, waterfall, and a herd of deer, make up its multifarious contents. The treatment, however, is better than the composition. The glacier pointing upward, and the cascade tumbling downward, both in the centre, result in an antithesis not agreeable.

— Mr. Carleton, the publisher, having purchased the well-known Worth House, on Madison Square, fronting the Worth Monument, has fitted up the first floor into one of the most charming book boudoirs imaginable. What were once the parlors of this whilom elegant private mansion have been thrown into one room, the ceiling and supporting columns beautifully frescoed, the walls faced with carved shelving, while statuettes, vases, and other appointments, calculated to adorn and set off the rooms, unite in giving the whole space an air of supreme refinement. There has been for some time a growing disposition to wed art to trade, to remove from shops and warerooms what was once their distinctive quality of baldness and ugliness, and nothing more felicitous in this direction has been accomplished than by Mr. Carleton. The first regret at finding trade encroaching upon the precincts so long reserved to fashion and exclusiveness is removed by the very elegant and yet unostentatious aspect which the innovation assumes. Mr. Carleton has not merely fitted up a handsome shop—this is often done; he has given his trade quarters the air and keeping of a quiet and highly-tasteful library.

### Literary Notes.

THE *London Athenæum* gives a very interesting history of the *London Gazette*, "the king's newspaper," as it is called. The account of its origin is as follows: "In the reign of Charles II., and previously, such news as the 'books' gave was made up of scraps from private letters. True or false, there was appetite for all. The coffee-houses especially would have lost all their attractions, if they had not furnished their customers with very doubtful news, and abundant opportunity of quarrelling over it. As it was not always possible to distinguish the true from the false, the fine gentlemen never lacked a chance for battering one another's wigs, or running one another through with a rapier. Society became as inquisitive as the Athenians. The more they were told, the more they wanted to know. The *Intelligencer* found its way to every beau's chocolate-stand, and to every belle's coverlet. Families became so full of social and political knowledge, and they began to gossip so freely about what they knew and did not know, that the paternal Government grew uneasy. That the vulgar should discuss the doings of their betters—that profane brawlers should pick paragraphs from the ordinary news-sheet, and make them serve as texts for assailing the sacred majesty of kings, which was enshrined amid saucy, bright-eyed, jewelled wenches, at Whitehall, was an atrocity that was not to be borne. But then an Englishman would have a voice in his own affairs; and affairs of State touched his pocket and his honor. Cutting off a man's ears never stopped his tongue. At last, 'our most religious and gracious king' declared that he would have a paper of his own, and tell news in his own way, that is, by a Secretary of State, who would tell it, or superintend the telling of it, for him. Charles and the court were then at Oxford, whither fear of the plague had driven them from London. They were dull, and could invent no new pleasure to relieve their dullness. It was then that the bright idea presented itself of publishing an exclusively Royal News-Letter. There was something to do or talk about, and they were all the happier for it. Especially proud and joyous were they when in November, 1665, the *Oxford Gazette* issued its first number. The *Intelligencer* had died obsequiously, or inevitably, beforehand. Twice a week, English coteries began to look for the two folio pages, to learn how courtiers put things, or rather how Mr. Muddiman set down public events at Mr. Secretary's bidding. It was quite the proper thing to take in the King's Newspaper! But the Court went to London, when the plague had been driven back into holes and corners, and the *Gazette* went with it. Change of locality led to change of name; and in February, 1666, instead of the *Oxford*, men read the *London Gazette* at the head of the sheet, and from that day the sovereign's newspaper has existed down to the present."



A new work, by Professor Raphael Pumpelly, of Harvard, entitled "Across America and Asia," will soon be published by Leypoldt & Holt. Professor Pumpelly was for some time superintendent of the Santa Rita Mines, in Arizona, and his work will contain graphic accounts of pioneer-life in that region. From Arizona, Professor Pumpelly crossed to San Francisco, making a detour through Sonora, and then sailed to Japan, to accept a commission as mining-engineer under the Government. He was at once given a rank and personal retinue, corresponding to those enjoyed by the Viceroy of Yesso, and with them, of course, proportionate facilities for studying the country and people. At the breaking out of the Japanese Revolution, in 1862, he sailed for China, and arrived there almost simultaneously with the fleet purchased by the Chinese Government in Europe. After a dangerous journey of three thousand miles, in the valley of the Yangtz Kiang, he was engaged by the Chinese Government to search for coal for their new steam navy, and was given a large escort and Government facilities. His travels in the interior of China were fuller of incident, and greater in extent, than those of the Abbé Huc, embracing in the aggregate some five thousand miles. Mr. Pumpelly was in China over a year. His experiences there were full of adventures, tragic and grotesque. During a large portion of the time not spent in his professional travels, he was an inmate of Mr. Burlingame's house, and a close student of the questions which have led to the recent revolution in the diplomatic policy of China. On leaving China, Professor Pumpelly went northward through Central Asia into Siberia, and travelled across Siberia in an open sleigh in the depth of winter, reaching St. Petersburg in the spring of 1865. He came from thence home by the usual routes, thus completing a tour around the world, occupying five years of travel and special observation, and making him the only man, since Sir George Simpson, who is known to have crossed both northern continents at their widest parts.

The Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, just issued, is the first attempt to exhibit in popular form the changes from the original text that have crept into the ordinary editions of the Bible. These are far more numerous than are usually supposed, and some of them are even startling. The whole "narrative of the woman taken in adultery; the rebuke of Christ, to those who wanted fire to be called down from Heaven on the Samaritans, when they refused Him entrance to their village; the appearance of the angel to Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane; the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark; the conversation of the Pharisees on the morning and evening sky, and many other equally characteristic passages, prove to be modern additions, and to have had no place in the original Gospels." In the Epistles some of the most frequently-quoted verses are spurious. How these additional passages gained a place in the text is, of course, unknown, but it is surmised that they were marginal commentaries on the early manuscripts, which were mistaken by later copyists for the original text. The interpolations are in some instances only words or phrases designed evidently to render the passage more clear; in other cases they have arisen evidently from a desire to make a passage in one Gospel agree with another, and in other instances a doctrinal bias is manifest, as in changing "the Father" to "my Father." This edition of the Testament consists of the books exactly as usually printed, but at the foot of each page are shown the variations between the text and the three famous Greek manuscripts which scholars recognize as the oldest existing versions of the Evangelists and apostles—the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrine.

Medical science is every day becoming more positive in its character, and is making more thorough employment of the great physical forces, both in preventing and curing disease, than ever before. Thus it is that heat, light, and electricity, are brought into use, by advanced physicians, to an extent which those medical men who do not keep pace with the times can scarcely estimate. As an agent for the treatment of many of the disorders which afflict the human race, electricity in its various forms is generally admitted to be of great efficiency; but few who have not devoted themselves specially to its study are aware of the great progress which, of late years, has been made in its scientific application. Fewer still are acquainted with the necessary details of its management. Dr. Moritz Meyer is said, by those who it may be presumed know all about the subject, to have produced the most useful book on "Electricity in its Relations to Practical Medicine" which has yet appeared in any language. His work, with this title, has just been translated from the third and last German edition, with notes and additions by Dr. William A. Hammond, and thus American physicians are afforded an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the science and practice of a therapeutic means which they cannot afford to disregard or leave in the hands of charlatans. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

The "Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton," just issued from the press of Scribner & Co., is an important addition to our political his-

tory. James A. Hamilton is a son of Alexander Hamilton. He was born in 1788, and hence is now over eighty years of age. This long life, nearly coexistent with our national organization, has been varied and eventful, with "peculiar opportunities," to use the author's own words, "for understanding the purposes and appreciating the characters of many of the leaders" in affairs of public interest. One object of the work is to do "Justice to his Father against the Asperities of Mr. Jefferson, and more recently of Martin Van Buren, in his Inquiry into the Origin of Political Parties of the United States." The work is voluminous, contains extensive correspondence to and from a large number of distinguished people, with anecdotes and personal reminiscences. The work, although confessedly written as a defence of federalism, and of the elder Hamilton's position in the various issues pertaining to our early history, throws a valuable side-light upon the past.

Whipple's "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" is a valuable and highly-entertaining contribution to the critical literature of the period. We have no more pleasing essayist, no keener analyst, than Whipple. His style is smooth, balanced, close, and persuasive. He is more just, accurate, and analytical, than brilliant. He carries his reader steadily and confidently on to his end, convincing by weight of argument and luminous accuracy of statement, but never illuminating his theme with sudden flashes, or startling his readers by pyrotechnic displays. There is but little difference in the excellence of the several essays which make up this volume; but the two on Bacon are more searching, we think, or at least are more important to the general reader. Of Shakespeare, and other Elizabethan dramatists, so much has been said, that very little more could be satisfactorily added; but the analysis of Bacon's philosophy will set many readers right on a perplexing subject, and serve almost as a manual to the proper understanding of this great master of philosophical method. The work is published by Fields, Osgood & Co.

"Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages," and "Metors, Aërolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena," are two volumes from the press of D. Appleton & Co., being the first of an important series of books on scientific and kindred subjects, popularly treated and grouped under the general title of "Library of Wonders." The two volumes, now ready, are copiously illustrated, and handsomely printed and bound. Their contents are novel, and of exceeding interest, presenting all that is known on their respective subjects in a graphic and luminous manner, and grouping a vast array of facts not familiar to the ordinary reader.

"New York Illustrated" is an elegant pamphlet, affording a complete pictorial description of the great metropolis. A portion of its illustrations originally appeared in this JOURNAL, but numerous additions have been made, and the letter-press descriptions considerably extended. A map and a guide for strangers render it complete. This little brochure is generally conceded to be one of the most elegant and valuable issues of the kind that has appeared.

"Appletons' Illustrated Almanac" for 1870, appears in a brilliant but artistically-printed cover, and with a great profusion of excellent illustrations scattered through its pages. It is edited by Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, who as a writer on rural subjects has no superior. The contents, hence, are varied, instructive, and entertaining. Its art features are quite notable, and its calendars and astronomical tables full and accurate.

Messrs. Putnam & Son are reprinting the novels of Theodore S. Fay. When "Norman Leslie" and "Hoboken" first appeared, over thirty years ago, they were quite the town talk, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether we have since had better local romances. "Norman Leslie" was dramatized shortly after its publication, and had a successful run at the Bowery Theatre.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, who is probably as well acquainted with the far West as any Eastern writer, has published a useful little volume, called "The Pacific Railroad—open. How to go; what to see. Guide for travel to and through Western America." The title fully describes the nature and scope of the work.

## Foreign Notes.

A RICH American, many times a millionaire, has just arrived in Paris, where, according to report, he intends to spend the remainder of his days. Will he revive or renew the splendors of the Thorn Palace? "But, first of all, tell us what is the Thorn Palace!" some one asks. Just inquire of yonder fading beau of fifty winters; he will tell you that Mr. Thorn was a Yankee, who took up his abode in Paris in 1840, and, without any other passport than his immense for-

tune, determined to tame the whole Parisian aristocracy, and assemble the aristocrats in his saloon. And he succeeded thoroughly, and brought them into such complete subjection, that, ere long, they bowed to his most tyrannical whims. He at one time, for instance, took it into his head to decree that nobody should be received at his house after ten o'clock, and, if any one were so unlucky as to arrive at five minutes past, he was the duke and peer, an illustrious poet, or M. Rothschild himself, he found the door irrevocably closed. Madame de Girardin says, somewhere in her charming "Lettres du Comte de Launay," while alluding to this same Mr. Thorn: "If he were to cause to be written to-morrow on his invitation-cards, 'Admission only in cotton nightcaps,' all the fashionables in Paris would hasten to conform."

Of the relative merits and demerits of democracy, we have nothing to say, nor do we presume to decide thereon in this place; but we cannot refrain from reproducing a most common-sense and democratic suggestion by a talented Paris journalist, M. A. Marx, in respect to the concession of aristocratic "handles" to family names. The measure to be adopted for damping the stupid thirst after distinction revealed by the tacking on the particle *de* to surnames, is exceedingly simple, and consists in the publication, in the official journal, of a decree authorizing anybody or everybody to appropriate whatever title is most pleasing to him. You can easily foresee how much importance M. de — will attach to his marquisate when his valet announces to him some fine day that *M. le Duc de la Tige* (anglicized, the Duke of the Bootshank) has brought a pair of boots for *M. le Marquis* to fit on. How delightful it would be to hear a count or a baron say to his servant, "My dear countess, have any letters come for me this morning!" But, as it is not probable that the above decree will be published, there is yet another alternative, namely: instead of taxing the doors and windows of honest citizens' dwellings, and the salt and wine they have to make use of, let a prospectus be handed to applicants for a noble name, with the price of each rank attached, as follows: those desirous of becoming dukes shall have to deposit in the treasury the trifle of one hundred thousand francs; marquises, eighty thousand; counts, fifty thousand; viscounts, thirty thousand; barons, twenty thousand; and chevaliers, fifteen thousand. This latter plan is warranted not to fail; and with the proceeds, which will, in an incredibly short time, reach a handsome figure, the government can found schools and libraries where the masses will go and learn that the only true nobility is that of the mind and the heart.

Although politics are not within the sphere of the JOURNAL, will it be much out of place to recapitulate the luxuries enjoyed by a democratic prince, whom the late illness of the emperor has placed in a conspicuous political position before the French nation and which luxuries are paid for out of the budget? Just let us run over them rapidly. His imperial highness Monseigneur le Prince Napoléon ranks as first prince of the blood; he is grand-cross of the Legion of Honor, member of the privy council, general of division, and senator. He enjoys an annual endowment of one million francs—say eight thousand six hundred dollars and six cents (gold) per month. His furniture, firing, light, carriages, servants, etc., are at the expense of the emperor's house. His household is composed of the following functionaries: two chamberlains, one honorary chamberlain, one private secretary, one aide-de-camp in chief, three aides-de-camp in ordinary, two orderly officers; and for his wife, the Princess Clotilde, one lady of honor and three *dames pour accompagner*. He has the Palais-Royal in Paris for his winter residence; the royal castle of Meudon for his spring residence; Villegeorgis for his summer residence; and Prangins for his autumn residence. He has his private hunting-grounds, as well as the privilege of using at all times those of the emperor. Whew! Democracy on such terms as these may be borne with for a while, even by a prince.

Charles Maurice, who recently died in Paris at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was for many years the editor of a journal called the *Courrier des Théâtres*, and was one of the most notorious men in France. His good-will could easily be purchased by subscribing for one or more numbers of his paper, and a failure to subscribe invariably procured for an actor an unremitting succession of short, pungent attacks, in which his personal peculiarities and private life were ruthlessly turned into contempt or ridicule. As might be imagined, a course of this nature involved Maurice in innumerable quarrels, and, as his personal courage was very great, his duels were numerous. He had the curious habit of keeping an alphabetical register of his "affairs of honor," and of all the circumstances connected with them, that he might, when necessary, refresh his memory in regard to any particular encounter. This register, it would appear, was kept where it could be referred to at any time, and in one instance when, in relating the incidents of a duel to some friends, he forgot whether he had broken his adversary's leg or collar-bone, his wife, in a matter-of-fact way, referred to the register, and coolly said, "You broke his arm."

An optician, in a certain street in Paris, placed some time ago over

his store the following announcement: "*Spécialité de jumelles*" ("Opera-glasses a specialty;" but, if you turn to your "Spier and Surenne," you will find that *jumelles* means also female twins). Well, just think, the wife of the honest vender of optical instruments presented her husband, on the fourteenth of last month—so says the periodical from which we clip this note—with a charming pair of girls, who are, we are glad to know, in the enjoyment of perfect health. Oh, predestination of signs!

The city of Munich celebrated, on the 29th of August last, the ceremony of unveiling a statue of Goethe, recently erected in the midst of Carl Square, and due to the munificence of Louis II., King of Bavaria. Surrounded by shrubs, the image of the poet, draped after the antique fashion, stands majestically upon a pedestal adorned with garlands of leaves. The head is crowned with laurels, and in the left hand is a lyre, emblem of the divine art. Of all the instances we know of, in which the strange license of wrapping a modern in a Greek mantle may be sanctioned by good taste, it is surely in that of Goethe, the regularity of whose beauty is well known.

A novel idea of a bed for children comes to us from France. It is to substitute *bran* for mattresses and blankets. The cradle is half filled with bran; a little nest, as it were, is scraped out with the hands, and the little fellow is placed in it, and then covered up to his middle, over which an article of clothing is worn. A coverlet is folded down on the bran to keep it in place; this novel covering preserves the body at an equal temperature, and for cleanliness is specially desirable. The child sleeps, it is claimed, more sweetly, comfortably, and healthfully, than by the methods in use.

It is reported on good authority that the Emperor of the French has determined upon publishing, at an early date, the third and last volume of his "History of Julius Cæsar;" and it is further stated that he has accepted the collaboration of M. Clément Duvernois for the completion of the work. M. Duvernois, the favorite journalist of Napoleon III., has lately received from the imperial historian the present of a chateau in the department of the Hautes-Alpes.

Tricycles, or three-wheeled velocipedes, are to be introduced at Berlin as substitutes for cabs. The gutters, each side of the roadways, are to be covered with boards, and along these the tricycles, with a rider in front, are to ply.

M. Garnier-Pagès will shortly give to the light a history of the events of 1848.

## The Museum.

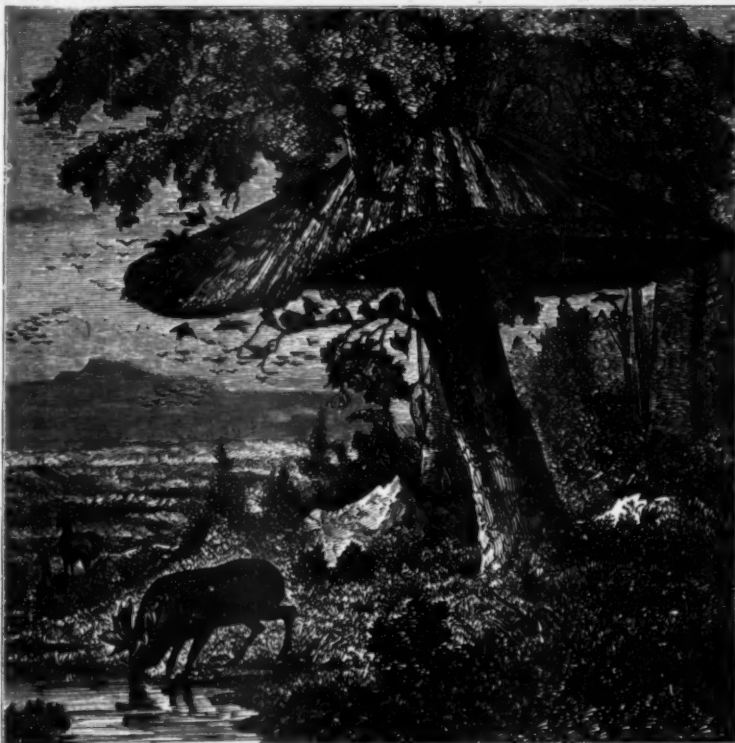
JESTS at the expense of women prevail in Turkey, as they do all over the world. Nass-red-dyn, the Turkish Esop, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, proposed to carry him some fruit. "Hold," said he, "two heads are better than one; I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs." His wife replied, "Quinces will please him best, because they are larger and finer." "However useful the advice of others may be," rejoined Nass-red-dyn, "it is never well to follow that of a woman; I am determined to take figs." When he arrived in the camp, Tamerlane amused himself with throwing the figs at his bald head. At every blow Nass-red-dyn exclaimed, "God be praised!" Tamerlane inquired what he meant. "I am thanking God that I did not follow my wife's advice," replied Nass-red-dyn, "for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should certainly have a broken head."

That sketch of four cherub-heads from an English girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Kensington, is an incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in color as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design, as this lion-crest—if it alone existed of such—if it were a picture by Zeuxis, the only one left in the world, and you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know.—RUSKIN.

Robert Hook, an ingenious experimentalist of a long past age, succeeded in making artificial imitations of the circular pits or craters of the moon, by heating strong calcareous solutions until vapor burst out in bubbles through the external surface of the mass.

We give this week an illustration of the remarkable nest or nests built by the Sociable Weaver Bird of Africa, sometimes called the Republican. The large social nests of this bird are so conspicuous as to be notable objects at many miles distance in the localities where they abound. They are generally built in the branches of the giraffe thorn, which, growing only in the most arid districts, is

peculiarly suitable to this bird, which has a curious attachment to dry situations. The Sociable Weaver Bird, in locating one of these bird villages, chooses a tree in as sheltered a position as possible. This done, each pair proceed to gather a vast amount of dry grasses, and, by hanging the long stems over the branches, and ingeniously interweaving them, they make a kind of roof or thatch, which is destined to shelter the habitations of the community. In the under sides of this thatch they fasten a number of separate nests, each being inhabited by a single pair of birds, and only divided by its walls from the neighboring habitation. All these nests are placed with their mouths downward, so that, when the entire edifice is completed, it reminds the observer very strongly of a common wasp's nest.



Architecture of Birds. I.—Nests of the Social Weaver Bird.

The number of habitations thus placed under a single roof is often very great. Le Vaillant mentions that in one nest, which he examined, there were three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, each of which was in the possession of a distinct pair of birds. The Sociable Weaver Bird will not use the same nest in the following season, but builds a new house, which it fastens to the under side of its previous domicile. As the numbers of the nests are always greatly increased year by year, the thatched covering is enlarged to a proportionate extent, and, in course of time, becomes so heavy as actually to break down the tree. The shape and general aspect of the nests vary with age, the most recent ones being comparatively narrow, while the older ones spread out over the branches like an open umbrella.

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